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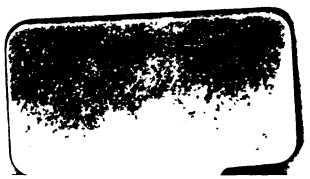

Right Rev. Dr. Hughes

MEMOIR

OF THE

REV. RICHARD HERNE SHEPHERD,

LATE MINISTER OF RANELAGH CHAPEL, CHELSEA;

WITH

A Selection

FROM

HIS PUBLICATIONS & CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITED BY HIS SONS,

REV. RICHARD SHEPHERD, M.A.

Late of St. Mary Hall, Oxford; Curate of Southgate;

AND

SAMUEL SHEPHERD, ESQ., F.S.A.

LONDON:

JAMES NISBET & CO., 21, BERNERS STREET.

1854.

210. d. 39.

LONDON:
J. UNWIN, GRESHAM STEAM PRESS,
BUCKLERSBURY.

DEDICATION.

This Volume

IS GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED,

AS A

TESTIMONY OF AFFECTION,

TO OUR

BELOVED MOTHER,

BY HER SONS,

THE EDITORS.

PREFACE.

THE Editors regret the length of time that has been allowed to pass ere this Memoir has appeared. Various circumstances have prevented their undertaking it earlier; but so many inquiries by friends have been made respecting it, that their duty was, without further delay, to comprise in a small volume what they hope may prove a pleasing and interesting memento of one so much beloved and revered. The letters and other MSS. being very numerous, a selection has been made from them, and such of them preserved as would tend best to elucidate the character of their father, and also may prove useful, they hope, by God's blessing, to the general reader. There will be found in these pages extracts from letters addressed to him on various occasions by individuals well known and beloved for their eminent zeal and piety, such as Scott, Newton, Richmond, and Henry Blunt, which will sufficiently testify the esteem in which he was held. His earnest desire

to glorify his Heavenly Father will be seen from his letters and writings.

The Editors have inserted a few of his Pastoral Addresses and Hymns; also a Sermon, which may be considered a specimen of his general style of preaching in later years.

The Editors have desired to adopt a strictly truthful and impartial view of the eminent Christian whose life, sayings, and doings they have thus attempted to illustrate; and have therefore rather given the opinion of others, who from their high standing in the religious world may be depended on, relative to his character and labours, than expressed their own, which might have been regarded as partial; since affection would have prompted them to comment largely on his unwearied labours in the cause of Christ, and his disinterested acts of benevolence, the fruits of that lively faith which worketh by love and overcometh the world. May God by His Spirit bless these pages, so that they may bring glory to HIM, to whom alone it is due.

January, 1854.

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ERRATUM.

Page 134, six lines from the bottom, *spiritual* for *spiritually*.

MEMOIR.

RICHARD HERNE SHEPHERD, the subject of the following biography, was born at Bicester, in the county of Oxford, on the 25th day of August, 1775. In this shire his ancestors had been respectable residents for more than two hundred years; but through some of those changes which are incident to human affairs, his parents, whilst he was yet a child, removed to the metropolis, where he received his early education. For this he was pre-eminently indebted to the unwearied care and guidance of his father, who possessed a peculiar and pleasing talent for communicating knowledge to the youthful mind, and for rendering that knowledge subservient to interests which lie beyond the grave. Of the very great advantages thus derived, and long enjoyed, the son has frequently been heard to speak, in terms of the most grateful recollection.

With a mind early imbued with the great principles of Gospel truth, in the year 1790, he was providentially led to attend the ministry of the

Rev. Thomas Scott, the well-known and justly-venerated commentator. To the advantage derived from his public teaching, was added that which resulted from private friendship, and an uninterrupted persona intercourse, until he resigned the chaplaincy of the Lock Hospital.

In May, 1796, he was married at St. Mary Woolnoth Church, Lombard-street, by the Rev. John Newton, to Elizabeth, the youngest daughter of the late Walter Shropshire, Esq., of Hendon, Middlesex, and only sister of the late Mrs. Mary Cooke, wife of the late Rev. John Cooke, of Maidenhead. His family consists of two sons and three daughters, who, with his widow, survive him.

During the years from 1796 to the earlier part of this century, he occasionally exercised in public his talents as a preacher, and so far attracted the attention of those who had been favoured with evidence of his ability for preaching, that in 1804 he was solicited to prepare himself fully for the Christian ministry. To carry out this purpose he was requested to enter himself at Oxford, and, in the most liberal and handsome manner, many Christian friends promised him every assistance in their power. On this most important subject he consulted Mr. Scott, and the following is the reply:—

"Aston Sandford, Jan. 3rd, 1805.

"DEAR SIR,

"I have waited thus far, in hopes that I should have something clear and decided to write, in answer to your interesting letter; but the more I

consider the subject, the more undecided is my mind about it. I have not the smallest doubt as to the purity of your motives, in desiring admission into the sacred ministry, nor do I hesitate to say that I am of opinion you would be made useful, if you were fairly engaged in it. Yet I can hardly think that you are so bound in conscience, at your time of life, and circumstanced as you are,* at all events, to engage in it, that you would contract guilt if you did not. There are other important ways of improving your talents (as in attending schools, and a variety of private endeavours to disseminate truth), which, connected with a consistent example in all the duties of your present situation, might eventually produce as much good; and we much want, not only faithful ministers, but laymen, 'who so live in the world, and are not of the world,' and so show, in the common employments of life, the genuine nature and tendency of Christianity, as to be living sermons; so that I should probably not be so urgent on you, in this respect, as some of those whom you have conversed with; but possibly I am here mistaken, and should think differently if more fully informed. All our desires and purposes should be entirely submitted to the will of God; and if, having any service in view which we suppose would be for His glory, He should say to us as to David, 'Thou didst well that it was in thine heart; howbeit, thou shalt not build the temple,' it is our duty to acquiesce, and to do what we can

* Mr. Shepherd was then in business.

in another way to promote the same cause, as David did. But He does not send Nathan to us now with explicit messages declaring His will, and we are left to collect it from circumstances; and if He hedge up our way in His providence, either it is not His will that we should be thus employed, or His time is not yet come, and must be waited for.

"Now, it appears to me that your way into the Established Church is completely hedged up, at least so far that, considering the date and uncertainty of human life, I can hardly think it at all advisable for you to spend so many years *at school*, as it were, without getting or doing much good (setting aside family inconveniences, which demand serious consideration), that might be more usefully employed even in your present situation. * * * As to your going out as a lay preacher, or engaging as a Dissenting minister, I do not wish to give any counsel. This must depend on the views you yourself have on these subjects, and on the effect of regularity or irregularity, or how far you can conscientiously separate from the Established Church, and join any body of Dissenters. I cannot advise you to act contrary to your judgment in these particulars; I can only recommend it to you to pray for direction, and to follow the deliberate decision of your own judgment, when you have got from every quarter all the light you can on the subject. I think 'WAIT,' as to any length of time, in your case, is not good counsel. Either you should ere long take decided measures, or renounce the

idea; and, sincerely praying that God would direct and bless you,

"I remain, dear Sir,
"Yours sincerely and faithfully,
"THOS. SCOTT."

After much deliberation, prayer, and advice of aged and experienced friends, he eventually declined the assistance which had been so kindly offered, but without losing sight of the ministerial work, in which he delighted to be occupied. "One of my old friends," says Dr. Morison, "told me that he had listened (and he was no mean judge) to some of his early discourses with great satisfaction and delight, and that he was one of the most interesting young Christians he had ever met."

In a short time he was called to minister, on the Sabbath, for some of the most respectable and faithful servants of Christ in and about the metropolis. At the late Mr. Townsend's, at Rotherhithe, and at Orange-street Chapel, he was eminently useful. About this time (1805 to 1813), by the efforts of a devoted circle of pious ministers and private Christians, Old Ranelagh Gardens, which had been closed as a place of public amusement, had been rented for religious services; and there, very speedily, great interest was awakened by the faithful preaching of the Word. Among the preachers who officiated in this new sphere, and who was listened to with special interest, was Mr. Shepherd, who was finally appointed minister of the Chapel, 14th January, 1814.

The following extracts, gathered from a manuscript in his own hand-writing, show the state and feelings of his mind at the period of his ordination, and, indeed, were stated by him to the audience who were then assembled, as the result of his religious experience:—

"I have to acknowledge my great obligation in being favoured with parents whose *first* care concerning me was my instruction in the great truths of God, and their great aim and constant prayer *my salvation.* Though all outward means frequently fail, and the aims, desires, hopes, and plans of Christian parents are often frustrated, yet in many, very many instances, this early mental culture is blessed as a means of bringing the soul to God; and, in my own case, I am conscious my disposition and temper would have been most liable to have fallen a snare to the enticements of the world, and the solicitations of the ungodly.

"My parents, in the earlier years of my life, attended the worship of God at Spa Fields Chapel, and were both of them members of the religious society formed there by the late Rev. Mr. Wills. I can well remember the diligence and care with which my father regularly took me with him to the Monday evening prayer-meeting held at Spa Fields Chapel; and, young as I then was, I can distinctly recollect being pleased, though I scarce knew why, at hearing the good men on these occasions expound the Scriptures.

"The late Mr. Wills used very frequently to preach most solemn and awakening discourses on

the Lord's-day evening, and on one of these services my heart was deeply affected, though I cannot believe I was a subject of Divine grace for some time after this. Yet, I doubt not, these impressions were useful to me in withholding me from sin, and exciting serious thoughts. Divine restraints withheld me from associating with profane and worldly characters, and I was, from the influence of habit and parental care, a constant attendant in the House of God. Yet my condition was then unsafe, because my heart was then unrenewed, and my hopes were then ill-grounded. At this time there was one feature of my character which I remember with pain; it was this:—I was fond of disputing on the deep mysteries of religion, when neither my knowledge nor abilities were at all equal to the task. But yet God overruled this for good in the issue. This disposition led me to read much, and to read the Scriptures with the greatest attention; and though my nature was so wrong, yet I hereby obtained a fuller knowledge of Divine subjects, and my mind was stored with Scripture, which has, since my conversion, been eminently useful to me. But, alas! I am persuaded it was then with me mere theory—a *form* of godliness without the *power*.

"When about eighteen years of age, it pleased God to visit me with a severe illness. I was, indeed, nigh unto death. At that time, I trust, I was sincerely convinced of sin. The law was powerfully applied to my conscience, and the perfections of God and His moral character appeared

against me. I felt I had the lamp of outward profession, and a name in Christ's Church, but my heart was destitute of the grace of God. At this period my friends had removed to this neighbourhood.

"During my illness, when I was so unhappy about my soul, a most excellent Christian friend visited me; his counsels instructed me; his sympathy refreshed me; his prayers relieved me; his views of the Gospel comforted me; and I can well recollect, when I was putting from me the comforts he proposed in one of his friendly visits, he said, he believed God had begun the work of grace in my heart, and that it would plant thorns in his dying pillow if he thought he should in any way mislead me. It pleased God to bless the means used for my recovery, immediately on which I regularly attended the ministry of that eminent and judicious servant of God, the Rev. Thomas Scott, at the Lock Chapel. By his ministry I was instructed, comforted, reproved, directed, and nourished up in the words of truth and sound doctrine; and, having found his ministry so useful, I kept close to it till his regretted departure from the Lock in 1803.

"I have unaffected pleasure in stating my immense obligations, under God, to his ministry. Oh, that I had more benefited by it! God has, by His grace, brought me to His *feet*, and to His *throne*, and kept me near the *cross;* and I avow my full and entire dependence on the blood and righteousness of the adorable Redeemer. God has given me increasing attachment to His house, His

cause, His ways, His people. 'By the grace of God I am what I am.' 'Not unto me, O Lord, not unto me, but unto thy name give glory. Having obtained help of God, I continue unto this day.' And I trust His Holy Spirit will carry on, and consummate, the work begun in my heart, till the top-stone shall be brought forth with shoutings, crying, 'Grace, grace unto it.'

"In early life I entertained a very ardent desire towards the ministry, long before I knew the Lord; as I grew up the desire never left me; and when I was about twenty-one, I was invited to speak at a public prayer meeting, and *injudiciously*, as I now see, urged to speak more publicly and more constantly. I maturely weighed what was before me, and fearing too hastily engaging in so very arduous a work, I declined all invitations, till about nine years since; when, in proportion as I felt the value of my own soul, I experienced also a strong desire to declare to others the great and glorious truths of the Gospel, and, through a friend, I was introduced to the acquaintance of the Rev. John Townsend, in whose pulpit, to my great pleasure, and, I am sure, profit, I have occasionally preached as one of Mr. Townsend's supplies to this day; and my connexion with this venerable servant of God, and the Church under his care, will ever be remembered by me with unmingled satisfaction. I had various other invitations, in different parts of the metropolis and elsewhere, so that I very seldom had a Lord's day unemployed. I had invitations to settle, but circumstances forbade my acceptance. 'He

that believeth shall not make haste,' and I am now sensible that it is better to observe the movements of the cloud, and follow where it leads.

"The religious assembly at Ranelagh-green, Chelsea, has been gradually increasing for these few years. I had the great pleasure of being one of their first supplies. The first sermon I preached there was in 1805, and I have continued occasionally to preach there till now. I will not dissemble that the invitation and call these respected friends and fellow-Christians have given me, has afforded me pleasure, and I trust our connexion will receive the sanction of the Great Head of the Church."

In closing his address to the people on that occasion, he observed, "Over the spiritual interests of the dear people of my charge will I affectionately watch, and constantly break to them the bread of life. I cannot hereafter be insensible to their joys or sorrows; I must participate of both. *In my prayers* they shall have interest, and *in my heart they shall live.* I shall spend and be spent for them. Whatever talents, energies, or influence I possess, I now devote to them. While conscious insufficiency for these things would depress me, my ground of comfort is, that my sufficiency is of God! There are promises of assistance, and I rejoice that all things are of God; that it is He, and He alone, can make us able ministers of the New Testament. Let me earnestly entreat your prayers, that I may continue labouring successfully in the Lord's vineyard while I live, and that at length I may resign my

breath and my charge with joy, with the prospect that these dear people, and others hereafter to be added to us, shall be my *joy and crown of rejoicing in the day of Christ;* and be it the *summit* of my desires, relative to my present connexion, to have inscribed on their hearts, and engraven on my tomb, '*A good minister of Jesus Christ.*'" *

Old Ranelagh Gardens,† which had been closed

* This, his prayerful desire, was indeed fully granted, for he was beloved by the people of his charge; and it was the testimony borne to his character by his dear friend and brother, who preached his funeral sermon, and who (unconscious of this expressed wish at the period of his entering in the ministry) took for his text on that solemn occasion, "*A good minister of Jesus Christ.*"

† Ranelagh House, and Gardens, is thus described by Bowack, in 1705:—"This lord (Earl of Ranelagh) was one of the first noblemen that improved gardening to its present perfection. His house, built with brick, and cornered with stone, is not large, but very convenient, and may well be called a cabinet. It stands a good distance from the Thames. In 1730, the house and premises were sold. Lacy, the patentee of Drury-lane, projected a plan for establishing a place of public entertainment on a large scale. The *Rotunda* was first opened with a public breakfast, April 5, 1742; and, a short time after, morning and evening concerts were given, consisting of selections from oratorios. In September, 1805, it was sold, and the celebrated Rotunda taken down, after having been used as a concert and a place of great gaiety for many years, and much celebrated. One or two of the remaining rooms, used as refreshment and concert-rooms, remaining, were occupied as a school-room for children, and ultimately used as a place of worship on a Sabbath; and here, on a spot for many years devoted to all kinds of gaiety and amusement, was heard the sounds of thanksgiving and praise, and the Word of God expounded, and

as a place of public amusement, had been rented as a preaching station, and there, very speedily, great interest was awakened by the faithful preaching of the Word; and Mr. Shepherd soon drew around him a circle of pious and zealous friends, who established Sunday schools, sick-visiting societies, and otherwise proved the existence of a living and active faith. From these small beginnings sprang the elegant and commodious place of worship then known as Ranelagh Chapel, erected in the year 1818, and which was acknowledged by all to be the best place of Divine worship in Chelsea before the building of the new church of St. Luke's, in the year 1824. The population of the parish, in the year 1821, was 28,860.

In this sphere he put forth an energy in the work which excited the admiration of the entire district, and which will prove a lasting monument of his Christian zeal and devotedness to the service of his Divine Lord and Master. There are many now living who can bear witness to the fact of the good which resulted from his faithful preaching of Christ, and for many years the Chapel was one of the best attended in the district. The following letter from the Rev. Thomas Scott will show the respect in which he still continued to be held by the commentator.

---

sinners led to the Saviour. From the schools and Church thus formed at Ranelagh, arose the present Church in George-street, Chelsea, which still retains the name of Ranelagh, its present title being Ranelagh Presbyterian Church."

"Aston Sandford, Feb. 7, 1814.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I am thankful to hear that Mrs. Shropshire and Mrs. Shepherd are tolerably well, and your children. May God bless them, and make them His children. I can truly say that no slight or forgetfulness was the reason of my not calling on you when I have been in town. Uniformly, almost ever since I left London, I have been oppressed with fever and asthma as soon as I got to town, and found no relief except by leaving it. Twice I have returned quite ill, and been confined to my room and bed some time after. I am, however, bless God, able to attend to a good many studies and employments at home. I have been ill of a fever, but am now recovered; may it be for my good! My kindest remembrances to Mrs. Shepherd. May every blessing attend you, and your family, and ministry.

"Yours faithfully,

"THOS. SCOTT."

The following letters will prove interesting to the reader, as being connected with his early life. One, from the pen of the Rev. John Newton, is dated—

"7th August, 1802.

"DEAR SIR,

"Though my weak eyes could not read your poem, I have heard a great part of it. You are pleased to ask me my judgment at a time, when, through the decline of my faculties, I can place but little dependence on it myself; yet I must say something. Your poem is valuable, for sound doctrine,

much illustration of Scripture, and abounds with breathings of a spiritual and devout mind. Nor is it without merit in point of poetry; but in this respect it is not equal throughout. I fear it will not engage the attention of the public modern taste for poetry, especially as the subject is so serious, and that it will find few but serious readers, and therefore will not repay the cost of the printing, so that I cannot advise you to publish it. But, as I said, I cannot rely upon my own judgment; I am near to my seventy-eighth year. I pray the Lord to guide, direct, and bless you in all things. My eyes will not bear more writing.

"I am, your sincere friend,

"JOHN NEWTON."

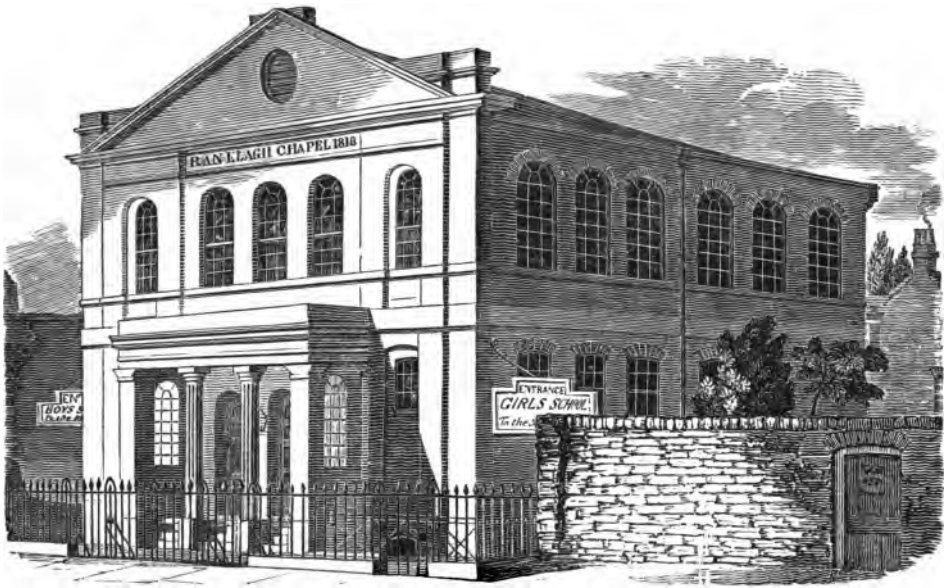
It was his delight very frequently to refer to good Mr. Newton, and the Bible readings he attended at a friend's house in St. Paul's Churchyard, and the spiritual refreshment he often experienced on these occasions, when hearing God's word read and explained by that eminent servant of Christ. The next is a short note addressed to him from the Rev. Legh Richmond, dated

"Wednesday, Sept. 4, 1805.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Mr. Frey, the converted Jew, will drink tea with me to-morrow evening, at five o'clock. Will it be convenient to you to meet him at No. 1, opposite Knightsbridge? "Yours, affectionately,

"LEGH RICHMOND."



See Page 15.

Mr. Shepherd made the acquaintance of Mr. Richmond while that gentleman assisted the Rev. Thomas Fry in his labours and services as chaplain to the Lock Hospital. And in after times, when Mr. Richmond was publishing his work, "The Fathers of the English Church," Mr. Shepherd assisted him in collating some of the volumes. It was with feelings of the liveliest affection that he often referred to dear Mr. Richmond and Turvey. There is a special reference made in his small volume of "Gatherings," pp. 106, 107, to a visit paid to Turvey, and the inscription on Mr. Richmond's tablet erected in the Church, with some lines, written by him on the occasion, to the memory of Mr. Richmond. One of the last books he purchased and read with interest was an account of "Three Days at Turvey in Beds," by a clergyman's son, published at South Shields in 1848. There will also be found in the "Gatherings," p. 3, his lines written when on a visit at Olney, in November, 1824, and reference to Mr. Newton's ministry.

The new Chapel, which was erected in the year 1818, was opened on the 2nd July in that year. The Rev. Dr. Winter preached in the morning, from Isaiah xxv. 6; the Rev. John Townsend in the afternoon, from Matthew xvi. 26; and Dr. Collyer in the evening, from Acts ii. 17—22. On the following Sabbath, Mr. Shepherd preached in the morning from 1 Cor. ii. 1—6; and the Rev. John Cooke, his brother-in-law, in the evening, from Isaiah lx. 13. The Rev. Dr. Waugh fre-

quently preached, and took much interest in the undertaking, as will be seen by the following letter:—

"June 20, 1818.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,

"With sacred pleasure will I attend on Thursday at the opening of the Chapel. May the name of the house be 'Jehovah Shammah, the Lord is there!'

"I shall also thankfully avail myself of your kind offer to minister to my people on the afternoon of July 12th, when I myself am engaged in assisting the Rev. Mr. Fletcher at the dispensation of the Lord's Supper in Albion Chapel. We begin in Well-street at three o'clock, and our service in the afternoon is usually short.

"I am, very affectionately yours,

"AL. WAUGH.

"The Rev. Mr. Shepherd."

Dr. Nicol, of Swallow-street, was one of those who was accustomed to preach at Ranelagh when it was first opened; and the Rev. Rowland Hill, of Surrey Chapel, preached the annual sermons in April, for the schools in connexion with the Chapel, from the years 1825 to 1829. In the year 1824, the Rev. Robert Morrison, D.D., of China, preached on behalf of the schools, and several letters from Dr. M., relative to services, have been found. Before leaving for China, Mr. Shepherd presented Dr. Morrison with a small pocket compass, as a oken of his affectionate regard.

Mr. Shepherd's first publication appeared in 1816, entitled, "Youth Encouraged to Seek the Lord;" and in 1818, a sermon, entitled, "The Duty and Advantages of Family Worship." Extracts from both these publications are given, at the end of this volume. He also published sermons on "The Due Observance of the Lord's Day," and on "Covetousness." His annual pastoral addresses (extracts from which have been inserted at the end of this work) show the tender and anxious care he manifested over the people of his charge, as well as his clear views of the grand doctrines of Christianity. To these addresses were appended a *list of subjects*, to be preached every Thursday evening during a year, and which were made, by God's blessing, useful to many who attended these interesting services.

During his ministry at Chelsea, he enjoyed the friendship of the late much-esteemed Rev. Henry Blunt, M.A., who was curate at St. Luke's, and afterwards rector of Upper Chelsea. The following letters, among others since found, show the unity of spirit which subsisted between them:—

"July, 1829.

"My dear Sir,

"Accept my best thanks for your kind note and book, with which I have been much interested. I enclose my last little work (of which a second edition has just been published), 'Nine Lectures upon the History of Peter,' and should be glad

to think you would find it worthy of your perusal. "I remain, my dear Sir,

"Yours most faithfully,

"HENRY BLUNT.

"To the Rev. R. H. Shepherd."

"40, Cadogan-place, Jan. 6, 1836.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Nothing but constant occupation has prevented me from acknowledging, with many thanks, the receipt of your kind note, and interesting and truly scriptural address to your Church and Congregation (see extract from Address for 1836). If all who differ from the Establishment in doctrine or polity were to speak, and think, and act in the spirit in which that truly pastoral letter is expressed, there would, I am convinced, never have been the separation in feelings and interests which you lament in your note. I believe, no one has a more entirely catholic feeling with respect to all orthodox Dissenters than myself. I can from my heart, and I do daily, on my knees, wish them God speed; but how to remedy the grievance of which you very justly complain, I confess I see not. Believe me always, in the best of unions,

"My dear Sir, yours most truly,

"HENRY BLUNT.

"To the Rev. R. H. Shepherd."

"Streatham Rectory, Dec. 7, 1838.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"* * * * I am thankful to say that my health is improved, although the least over-exertion

or exposure lays me up again; but God has dealt towards me with great tenderness and loving-kindness. I congratulate you very sincerely upon your labours of a quarter of a century in that moral wilderness, and trust you will be permitted to work on for another five-and-twenty years before you exchange the place of labour for the place of rest.

"Believe me, my dear Sir,

"Yours very truly,

"HENRY BLUNT.

"To the Rev. R. H. Shepherd."

Mr. Shepherd used often to refer to the ministry of the *Hon. and Rev. W. B. Cadogan;** connected with the history of religion at *Chelsea*, his name will be long remembered.

In the year 1823, and for several years, Mr. Shepherd assisted at the *Tent Services* at Islington (near the Old Conduit House), held at an early hour on a Sunday morning. These services were

* He was the second son of Lord Cadogan. With his evangelical ministry the revival of evangelical religion is reckoned to have commenced, both at *Reading* and at *Chelsea*. He died at Reading, Jan. 18, 1797, after a few days' illness. The *Rev. Erasmus Middleton* was curate to Mr. Cadogan, and his ministry was much esteemed by the pious people at Chelsea. The *Rev. John Owen*, M.A., the first clerical Secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, officiated at Park Chapel, from the year 1812 to his death, in 1822. The labours of Mr. Owen are too well known to need mention, and his ministry at Chelsea was blessed to the salvation of many. His "History of the British and Foreign Bible Society" will carry down his name with honour to posterity.

generally well attended. It was at this time that a desire to bring the Gospel to bear on the masses of London began to draw forth new efforts; and in the year 1825, "The Society for Promoting Christian Instruction" came into existence. He also assisted at the *Floating Chapel Services*, which were much blessed among the sailors in the east of London.*

In the same year, Mr. Shepherd lost his old and much-esteemed friend, Mr. Robert Bushby. He felt the loss deeply, and took the charge of his friend's daughter, then very young, and was most anxious that she should be led to love and fear God. It was his happiness to see her united to a pious and much-valued friend, George Downing, Esq., and to receive from herself and partner constant proofs of unfeigned regard.

Two other young ladies, the Misses Smithwaite, were consigned to his care about the same time, through the increasing infirmities of an aged friend (Mr. John Hill, of Westminster). The eldest, Miss Harriet, died early, and exemplified, in her life and dying conversation, that she had found the Saviour, whom to know is life eternal. The youngest, Miss Emma, married a nephew of Mr. Shepherd's, F. Temple, Esq., an eminently devoted

* A Society was formed in 1818, and called *The Port of London Society*, and was designed to advance Christian knowledge among the thousands of neglected merchant seamen. It has been calculated that there are above 300,000 British seamen, and that nearly 2,000 of these perish every year in the mighty deep.

Christian. Both herself and husband were early removed, leaving a family of three sons and four daughters to mourn their loss. She retained, throughout her life, the most grateful sense of her guardian's paternal care, always calling him "Father," with warmest affection. Her sickness and death, and very young family, called forth his tenderest sympathies; and having felt much concern for her spiritual welfare, it afforded him great comfort to know that she departed with a good hope through grace. Her last message to him was, in the words of the Psalmist—"My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever."

The opinion of a young friend, who enjoyed the acquaintance of Mr. Shepherd, is here inserted:—

"He was a man of considerable talent, of eminent and distinguished piety, cheerful and amiable in his disposition, illustrating by his every-day life the *happy-making* character of the religion he professed. It was a spiritual luxury to be in his company; his conversation was always lively, and such as tended to edification. During the last *ten* years we were intimately acquainted, and I do not know that I can call to remembrance a single interview or a single conversation which, to my mind, was not in itself a proof of his inward piety.

"I shall never forget being with him at the bedside of a departed relative, as he read and commented upon Ephesians ii., especially verses 4 to 8, '*God, who is rich in mercy,*' &c. He was always happy in his expositions, but *then* he seemed, as it

were, to breathe the atmosphere of heaven, and to give a wonderful emphasis to the loving utterances of the God of all grace. His prayer on that occasion was peculiarly earnest, and impressive; he seemed at home with God.

"His public discourses," writes the same individual, "were characterised by deep affection, as well as by persuasive eloquence. The *love of Christ* was his favourite theme. Although truly faithful in his ministrations, he was an *alluring* rather than an *alarming* preacher. The exhibition of redeeming love, and the glories of the heavenly state, were subjects upon which he delighted to dwell. If, for a moment, he conducted his hearers to Sinai, it was only in the way to Calvary, where he always loved to linger."

His discourses on the death of friends were deeply impressive, most solemn and awakening, and calculated, on the one hand, to comfort the mourner, and, on the other, to arouse the careless sinner. Among such sermons will be remembered, by those who heard them, the funeral discourses for his aged friend and brother, Dr. Waugh, preached on October 23, 1827.*

He was accustomed to send to the bereaved of his flock a printed letter, as words of comfort and direction, a copy of which is inserted at the end of this volume; also an extract from his little work, "Consolation for Mourners," published first in 1823.

From the year 1829 to 1838, he was the editor

* His texts were, Job xxix. 11—16; and Joshua i. 2—6.

of the "Home Missionary Magazine," which, as was generally allowed, during the time that he had the management of it, was conducted most ably. The Society was one whose interests he warmly advocated, and of which he was one of the founders. A paper, written by him, entitled, "Hints Suitable for 1835," shows his energy in the work, and how deeply he felt the spiritual wants of the country; for at that time there was no Church Pastoral Aid Society, or London City Mission.* The former invaluable Society was founded in the year 1836, the latter in 1835. In the paper referred to he writes—

"Are Home Missions necessary? Are the works, and agents, and agencies, established by the Society in 1819, intrusive and uncalled for?" He refers to the letter published at the time by the Rev. B. Noel, on "The State of the Metropolis Considered." "Let it no longer," he adds, "be the stain of England, that she careth not for her sons—for her children AT HOME; that she promptly responds, with a ready charity, to DISTANT CALLS, but yet her poor and her peasants are refused her fostering care, her sympathetic feeling, her pleading prayer. Now let something be done for them, suited to their wants and our means. Let this anniversary season be renowned, and placed upon the historic page. Thus the year 1835 will be ever celebrated as the period in which more was devised and accomplished for HOME than at any former period."

* The London City Mission employs 297 missionaries, whose labours have been greatly owned and blessed of God among the destitute poor of the metropolis.

In a memorandum, dated March 4, 1831, we find the following pleasing reference to the Rev. Rowland Hill :—

"I called upon the Rev. Rowland Hill, at his house adjoining Surrey Chapel, to request that he would take the chair at the anniversary of 'The Book Society for promoting Religious Knowledge among the Poor,' established in 1750,* of which Society Mr. Hill has been a member and subscriber for *fifty-nine years;* he readily consented. I requested the favour of his autograph, and he wrote the *above* † in my presence. I took breakfast with him. He is a venerable and wonderful man for his years, being now fast *verging to ninety.*"

With many others, he entered into the plan for establishing, in and near the *metropolis,* proprietary grammar schools for the education of youth, in the best manner, at the least expense. Of the *Western Grammar School,* established at *Brompton,* in the year 1828, he was one of the earliest promoters; and

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* Of this Society, our father was one of the honorary secretaries for many years. For particulars relative to the origin, &c., of this valuable and useful Society, the Editors would refer the reader to a prize essay, entitled, "The Centenary Retrospect," by the Rev. John Blackburn, published at the Society's Depôt, 19, Paternoster-row. Amongst its early supporters are found the names of George Whitefield, Romaine, Venn, Cooper, and Newton. This Society was one of the attempts, in the former half of the last century, to raise the standard of religious literature.

† Mr. Hill wrote—"*One thing is needful,*" and signed, "R. HILL."

to a more recent institution, on the same plan, he gave his full co-operation. He was also one of those who took an active part in the erection of Exeter Hall, and continued a director to the last year of his life. On the opening of the Hall, in the year 1830, he took a part in the proceedings of the day.

In the year 1829, Mr. Shepherd was appointed Secretary to the "*London Annuity Society for the Widows of Members*," established in the year 1765, filled, for more than twenty-two years, the office, to the entire satisfaction of its members, and received a handsome token of their esteem, for his faithful services rendered to the institution.

Among other interesting services held at Ranelagh Chapel, the mention must not be omitted of the special service on the 1st of August, 1834, to celebrate the abolition of negro slavery. Hymns suitable for the occasion were written by James Montgomery, Esq., one by James Hollings, Esq., and two by himself, which were inserted in his volume of "Gatherings," page 15. Mr. Montgomery, at his request, wrote the lines which are here subjoined,* accompanied with the following letter on the subject.

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* "Ages, ages! have departed
Since the first dark vessel bore
Afric's children, broken-hearted,
To the Caribbean shore,
She, like Rachel,
Weeping, for they were no more.

"DEAR SIR, "Sheffield, July 19, 1834.

"The foregoing are the best proofs which I can give that, if the deed were as good as the will, the hymns would be all that the negro's best friends could desire. I had previously composed three lyrics on the Abolition of Slavery, in express anticipation of the *first of August;* and little expected to be called upon for another last lay, to be sung in the great congregation. However, as

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"Millions, millions! have been slaughter'd
In the fight, and on the deep;
Millions, millions more have water'd,
With such tears as captives weep,
Fields of travail,
Where their bones till judgment sleep.

"Mercy, mercy! vainly pleading,
Rent her garments, smote her breast,
Till a voice, from heaven proceeding,
Gladden'd all the gloomy west;
'Come, ye weary,
Come, and I will give you rest.'

"Satan, Satan! heard and trembled,
And, upstarting from his throne,
Bands of Belial's sons assembled,
Fired with rancour all his own,
Madly swearing,
'Christ to slaves shall *not* be known.'

"Tidings, tidings of salvation!
Britons rose with one accord,
Swept the plague-spot from their nation,
Negroes to their rights restored:
Slaves no longer,
Freemen, freemen of the LORD!"

it is THERE that I would most willingly hang up the harp which for *four-and-thirty years* and more has been tuned to tell the negro's wrongs and to claim the negro's rights, I thought I ought rather to fail than not attempt, and let the opportunity pass with the credit of having been able, but not willing, to serve the righteous cause.

"I am, your friend and servant,

"JAMES MONTGOMERY."

On the 4th Oct., 1835, there was a special allusion made by him to the interesting occasion of its being the THIRD CENTENARY OF THE REFORMATION, and of the *Publication of the first entire Protestant English Version of the Bible.* He took his text from Psalm cxix. 97. The sermon was one full of interest.*

He felt deeply the loss of his only surviving brother, Mr. William Shepherd, who died 25th December, 1836, at Banbury, where he was much respected and beloved; and was for some years a preacher in the Wesleyan Connexion.

When Mr. Shepherd published the third edition

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* In a very large number of the churches and chapels of the Establishment appropriate sermons were preached on the occasion. The Bishop of Winchester preached at Windsor upon the subject. Dissenters co-operated in solemnising the auspicious era, and testified from their pulpits the great Protestant doctrine, "The entire sufficiency of the Scriptures, as the only rule of faith and practice."

The Editors would recommend "The Protestant Memorial," by the Rev. Thomas H. Herne, as containing much valuable information on the subject of the third centenary.

of his "Hymn Book," in the year 1837, he wrote the preface which the Editors here subjoin:—

"I cannot satisfy myself, in merely introducing the present new edition of our Hymn Book to the notice of my beloved friends at Ranelagh Chapel, without adverting (which I would do with unfeigned gratitude to Almighty God) to the continuance of our union, for more than TWENTY-THREE YEARS; and I think it right to leave on record, for a memorial of goodness and mercy, that, for only one Sabbath, have I been absent from my place, my people, and my pulpit, for seventeen years.

"When the last edition was published, in 1824, I little anticipated that I should be spared to write a preface to a THIRD edition.

"It has afforded me much pleasure to learn that the Ranelagh Collection of Hymns has been, and still is, used as a *devotional Hymn Book* in family and social worship; and I pray that the Holy Spirit may hereafter more especially bless these Songs of Zion, and employ them as a means to express the desires, and record the experiences of the saints; and to attract others to join in celebrating the praises of our Divine Immanuel.

"Amidst many changes which have occurred around us, the Lord has continued us together, and has given us much peace; and encompassed us with his loving-kindness, as with a shield.

"While, my dearly beloved, you are singing the Lord's praises in the wilderness, let faith realise the Mount Zion above, where the vision of Jesus, the fulness of glory, union with departed relatives and friends, the society of angels, and the perfection of love, will lead to the celebration of the love of the Saviour, and the anthems of heaven be without imperfection or end.

"I begin to feel the infirmities attendant upon age, but I suffer no decay in my love to the Church and Congregation at Ranelagh Chapel. R. H. S.

"Palace Street, Pimlico, March 25, 1837."

In the year 1839, January 8th, 9th, and 10th, public meetings were held at Ranelagh, Buckingham, and Trevor Chapels, for the REVIVAL OF RELIGION, when addresses were delivered by the Revs. Messrs. Thomas Archer, F. A. Cox, D.D., Richard Knill, Caleb Morris, John Robinson, James Sherman, James Stratten, and E. Temple. United morning prayer-meetings were held at the various chapels, from nine to ten o'clock, during the three days.

Up to this time, Mr. Shepherd had undertaken the *two* services, and for many years *three services*, every Sunday; reading the whole of the Church of England prayers, and explaining the lessons: it was only when strength failed that he gave up the afternoon service, which had been well attended. In the year 1840, in consequence of a serious illness, and decline of health and strength, the Rev. R. T. Hunt assisted him as co-pastor. Mr. Hunt resigned his office in December, 1843.

The following lines were written by Mr. Shepherd in 1841:—

THE CROSS IS MY ANCHOR.

THE CROSS IS MY ANCHOR,—though wave follow wave,*
Though frail be my Vessel, this Anchor shall save;
Let Faith in full confidence trust in the LORD;
Midst dangers I rest on His life-giving Word.

THE CROSS IS MY ANCHOR,—'tis steady and sure,
Within the veil holding, all storms I endure;†
My JESUS has entered a Priest on His throne,
I trust in His promise, and in Him alone!

* Psalm xlii. 7. † Heb. vi. 19, 20.

THE CROSS IS MY ANCHOR,—all storms soon shall cease,*
And my Vessel, though frail, reach the haven of peace:
No shipwreck, or storm, need I evermore fear,
When the danger's extreme, then my Saviour is near.

THE CROSS IS MY ANCHOR,—I now hear His voice,†
"IT IS I,"—then I fear not, but trust and rejoice;
The last storm, with its low'ring, may speedily come,
I'll trust in His Cross, and shall soon reach my Home!

October 11, 1841.

That this effusion was approved, the following, from a friend and poet, testifies:—

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,

"The printed specimen of your versifying gift which you sent, reminded me of Dr. Donne's ‡ beautiful signet—symbol of his hope in Christ crucified—an anchor converted into a cross. May this seal of redemption be imprinted on your heart and mine, and on every other heart dear to either of us.

"I am, truly,
"Your friend and servant,
"JAMES MONTGOMERY."

His volume of "Gatherings of Fifty Years" was published in 1842; and, as he stated in his preface, "the partiality of friendship occasioned its publication." It met with the approval of his

* Psalm xlvi. † Matt. xiv. 27.

‡ Dr. John Donne, divine and poet, born in 1573. Though rugged in his versification, he often displayed great force and originality; he died, 1631.

friends, for a second edition was published in 1843.

Several very deeply impressive sermons were preached by him in the year 1843. One was upon the *Transfiguration of our Lord.* The words selected for the text were Luke ix. 32, 33; and, in the course of the sermon, he quoted from one of the most touching expositions of the late beloved Dr. Henry Belfrage. At the close of the discourse, he referred to the unspeakable happiness of those who had been called to their "REST," and who were now with Christ in glory. John xvii. 22. On this subject he was often wont to speak, quoting (at the same time) his favourite hymn of Wesley's, "Come, let us join our friends above."

He printed a small paper for his congregation, headed, "*Trust in God;*" to bring to their remembrance a series of sermons preached on the mornings of Lord's days, November 5th and 12th, 1843, when their attention was directed to those consoling words, in Isaiah l. 10:—"WHO IS AMONG YOU THAT FEARETH THE LORD, THAT OBEYETH THE VOICE OF HIS SERVANT, THAT WALKETH IN DARKNESS, AND HATH NO LIGHT? LET HIM TRUST IN THE NAME OF THE LORD, AND STAY UPON HIS GOD." In these discourses he endeavoured to describe, first, *the character of those referred to.* Second, *their sad and sorrowful condition.* Third, *the counsel and consolation tendered to them.* He had reason to believe that those sermons were made useful to many, and ascribed to God all the glory! To some who were *then* in deep affliction, the text and

the exposition were especially appropriate. "May they," he adds, "mitigate their sorrows, relieve their anxious minds, and lead them to the God of all comfort!"

In closing the last of these sermons, he quoted the beautiful and most impressive hymn of Logan's,* on "Divine Providence:" it was listened to with marked attention and pleasure. Many spoke of it afterwards, and wished to possess it, and it was his desire to gratify them. He printed, therefore, the hymn, with one of his own. "If preserved by them," he remarked, "this paper may bring to their remembrance the two Sabbaths, and the morning services on those holy days."

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

BY REV. JOHN LOGAN.

Almighty Father of mankind,
On thee my hopes remain;
And when the day of trouble comes,
I shall not trust in vain.

Thou art my kind Preserver, from
The cradle to the tomb;
And I was cast upon thy care,
E'en from my mother's womb.

In early years thou wast my Guide,
And of my youth the Friend;
And as my days began with thee,
With thee my days shall end.

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* The Rev. John Logan was born in 1748, in the county of Mid Lothian; educated at Edinburgh; and in 1773 became minister of South Leith. He died in 1788.

I know the power in which I trust,
The arm on which I lean:
He will my Saviour ever be,
Who has my Saviour been.

In former times, when trouble came,
Thou didst not stand afar;
Nor didst thou prove an absent friend,
Amidst the din of war.

My GOD, who causedst me to hope,
When life began to beat;
And when a stranger in the world,
Didst guide my wandering feet;

Thou wilt not cast me off, when age
And evil days descend;
Thou wilt not leave me in despair,
To mourn my latter end.

Therefore in life I'll trust in thee;
In death I will adore;
And after death will sing thy praise,
When time shall be no more!

GOD IS MY REFUGE.

PSALM XLVI.

Where can I place my trust, or hide,
Amid each stormy hour?
Where can I safely HOPE confide,
When clouds and darkness lour?

On man I dare not put my trust;
The help of man is vain.
Man is but vanity and dust,
Himself the "child of pain."

His sympathy may soothe my grief,
His tears, his voice, his hand,
May tell of friendship, but RELIEF
His power can ne'er command.

'Tis GOD alone can be my ROCK,
My SHELTER, my DEFENCE;
Then can I calmly bear each shock,
And draw my succour thence.

O for that FAITH, which like a shield
Defends from fiery darts;
When I this power can daily wield,
It strength and peace imparts.

Soon will these conflicts end in peace,
The palm shall soon be given;
The trials and the tears shall cease,
And earth exchanged for Heaven!

November 15th, 1843. R. H. S.

Mr. Shepherd closed his paper as follows:—"May the smile of God cheer them, and the Spirit of God comfort them, during their earthly pilgrimage, and all its attendant afflictions, and at last may an abundant entrance be ministered to them abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. 2 Peter i. 11.

"So prays their affectionate pastor, friend, and companion in tribulation,

"R. H. S.

"November 13th, 1843."

His was, indeed, a day of active and successful labour, and when his powers began to fail, he wisely suffered his Chapel to pass into other hands; and without a particle of jealousy or contracted feeling, rejoiced to see it consecrated to the interests of the English branch of the Free Church of Scotland. The following letter, from a minister, much esteemed by all sections of the Church, and

who was well acquainted with all the facts, will show the feeling entertained towards one who had devoted so much of his energy and zeal to the cause of the Gospel, and whose wish, in the transfer, was the glory of God.

" September 23, 1845.

" My dear Brother,

" * * * Like every one who has had anything to do with this movement, I have had no feeling but gratitude and admiration for the spirit you have displayed: not only for the high end you have kept in view, but for the uniform singleness and generosity, and kind bearing to all others with which you have sought it; and this, considering even the infirmities of good men, I cannot but rejoice in your being enabled to carry through a good work, in so Christian a way. I hope that you shall have still more to rejoice, should your valuable ministry be prolonged in the person of Mr. Bonar.

" With kind regards and affection,

" Ever yours,

" James Hamilton.

" The Rev. R. H. Shepherd."

In this very important matter he humbly listened to the voice of the Divine Master, when, by the events of His providence, He called him to give place to others.

The following is a hymn written in 1848, entitled " An Advent Hymn." It was approved by the

editors of several leading magazines, and inserted in their publications; and, although it may, on that account, be known to some, yet the subject is one of deep and lively interest to all who love, and look for, their Lord's appearing.

Several well-known writers of the day were pleased to express their opinion in favourable terms, thus:—"I think there can be but one opinion of your hymn, and should it stir up any to look for His appearing and kingdom, who will come and will not tarry, you will have a rich recompence."

Another writes:—"The subject of your hymn is, indeed, a delightful one, and to be reminded of it in poetry is very acceptable. I enjoy, too, your plan of attaching Scripture references to each line, giving the hymn increasing force and interest."

AN ADVENT HYMN.

"A LITTLE WHILE AND YE SHALL SEE ME."—JOHN XVI. 16.
"THE VISION IS FOR AN APPOINTED TIME—THOUGH IT TARRY, WAIT FOR IT."—HAB. ii. 3.
"FOR YET A LITTLE WHILE, AND HE THAT SHALL COME, WILL COME, AND WILL NOT TARRY."—HEB. X. 37.
"THE COMING OF THE LORD DRAWETH NIGH."—JAMES V. 8.

Soon ye shall see me, the promise how cheering,
Acts i. 11: John xiv. 18: xvi. 16.
Midst the darkness and sorrow of each pilgrim's lot;
John xvi. 33: Acts xiv. 22.
The years swiftly past,—the bright morn it is nearing,
2 Pet. iii. 8–14.
Nor the promise and word of the Saviour forgot.
John xiv. 3: 2 Pet. 1—4: Heb. ix. 28.

"A little while," and I come, with angels attending,
Hag. ii. 6 and 7: Matt. xxiv. 30: Joel iii. 14 to 16: Heb. x. 37.
These words be engraven on each Christian's heart.
Titus ii. 13: Luke xxiv. 6.
The Church, though depressed, yet Christ is defending!
John xiv. 1: 2 Cor. iv. 8—11: Rom. viii. 35—39.
What joy and sweet hope does His coming impart.
Acts xxiv. 15: John xiv. 28.

In heaven's expanse, "the same LORD" all beholding,
Acts i. 11: Zech. xii. 10: xiv. 4 and 5.
The dead now awakened, the living saints changed,
1 Thess. iv. 13, 17: 1 Cor. xv. 52: Rev. xx. 5 and 6.
What glories in Jesus our LORD now unfolding,
1 Cor. ii. 9: Isaiah lxiv. 4.
And the final award is to all now arranged.
Dan. xii. 2: Matt. xxv. 31 and 46: Rev. xx. 12—15.

A hope fixed on Jesus will never miscarry,
2 Tim. i. 12: Rom. viii. 24 and 25.
His coming is sure, though all worlds should remove;
Matt. xxiv. 30: Dan. vii. 13: Matt. v. 18.
My Saviour is coming in clouds, He'll not tarry,
Rev. i. 7: James v. 8.
My heart now responds to this promise of love.
Phil. iii. 20: 1 Cor. i. 7.

October 9, 1848.

His love for *the Sabbath* was plainly shown by the sermons he often preached on the subject; especially the one published, entitled, "The Due Observance of the Lord's Day;" and his hymn, "Hail, peaceful morn, thy dawn I hail," has been a favourite among all who are acquainted with it.* He often quoted from a little work, entitled "Sunday Thoughts," by the Rev. Moses Browne, Vicar of Olney in 1764; and his *favourite* lines, by

* See his pieces on the Sabbath, in "Gatherings," pages 38, 67, and 146; and at the end of this volume.

Bernard Barton,* are so excellent, that not being generally known, they are here inserted, with his own lines on the Sabbath.

Hail, peaceful morn; thy dawn I hail!
How do thy hours my mind regale
With feasts of heavenly joy!

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* SABBATH DAYS.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

Types of eternal rest—fair buds of bliss,
In heavenly flowers unfolding week by week;
The next world's glories imag'd forth in this;
Days of whose worth the Christian's heart can speak!

Eternity in time—the steps by which
We climb to future ages—lamps that light
Man through his darker days, and thoughts enrich,
Yielding redemption for the week's dull flight.

Wakeners of prayer in man,—his resting bowers,
As on he journeys in the narrow way;
Where, Eden-like, Jehovah's walking hours
Are waited for as in the cool of day.

Days fixed by God, for intercourse with dust,
To raise our thoughts, and purify our powers;
Periods appointed to renew our trust;
A gleam of glory after six days' showers!

A milky way mark'd out through skies else drear,
By radiant suns that warm as well as shine;
A clue, which he who follows knows no fear,
Though briars and thorns around his footsteps twine.

Foretastes of Heaven on earth; pledges of joy,
Surpassing fancy's flight and fiction's story;
The preludes of a feast that cannot cloy,
And the bright out-courts of immortal glory!

Nor can I half thy blessings name,
Which kindle in my soul a flame,
  And all my powers employ.

Thou hallowed season of repose,
Thou balm to soothe the throbbing woes
  Of this care-stricken breast;
Thy sacred hours I'll ever greet,
And with the faithful will I meet,
  To taste thy holy rest.

How shall I best improve thy hours?
Lord, on me shed, in copious showers,
  Thy spirit and thy grace!
That when in sacred courts I tread,
My soul may eat the heavenly bread,
  And sing Jehovah's praise!

May every sermon, like the dew,
Gently distil, refresh, renew,
  And consolate the mind;
Receiv'd with meekness, truth, and love,
Engrafted fruitful may it prove,
  And leave its joys behind.

Then to my chamber I'll repair,
With awe to talk with God in prayer,
  And all my griefs to tell:
His kind compassion will relieve,
His bounteous hand will mercies give,
  With mourners He will dwell.

Thus may my Sabbath pass away,
My best, my holiest, happy day,
  The sweetest of the seven;
But yet a rest for saints remains,
A Sabbath free from cares and pains,
  Eternal, and in Heaven!

It must be mentioned here, the delight he ever felt in advocating the cause of his schools. He

generally composed a hymn, to be sung by the children on the occasion. Some of these pieces will be found in his "Gatherings," page 43 to 46; they breathe a holy and devout feeling for the children's best and eternal interests. His style and manner, full of affection and earnestness, were well adapted to impress the youthful mind on those occasions when he specially addressed and catechised them. Instances have been known of those who received their first serious impressions while in the schools at Ranelagh, listening to his fervent and cheerful appeals. His *pithy* sayings were well calculated to impress the young mind with the truth, that their comfort in the life that now is, as well as happiness in the life to come, depended upon their walking according to Bible precepts. He was peculiarly gifted to lead the children under his care into paths of virtue and piety; and this was remarkably and practically seen during his ministry. He arrested the attention of the most careless and indifferent.

On the Easter Monday, annually, for some years, he, in conjunction with the other ministers of the district, addressed the children of the several schools. The following extract is given from his address, delivered on March 27, 1826, from 2 Chron. xxxix. 3.

"This example," he says, "is affectionately urged upon your imitation on many grounds: such as the infinite importance of the duty; the certainty of success if you diligently fulfil the duty; the revelation of the character of God, as reconciled to sinners through Christ; your deep need,

as lost and undone by nature and practice; the Divine command; the many exceeding great and precious promises addressed to the YOUNG; the numerous and highly-encouraging examples of happiness attending the fulfilling of the duty; the love of *Jesus Christ*, expressed especially to the *young*, when he was on earth."

He goes on to say—

"1. Love the BIBLE, and often read it. 2. Learn to pray daily to God for wisdom and grace. 3. Often think upon the blessed Jesus, and upon what He did and said on earth. 4. At *all times*, and under *all circumstances*, and upon *all occasions*, SPEAK THE TRUTH, and most highly REGARD THE TRUTH. 5. *Obey your parents*, and behave with the most duteous affection to all your kindred and friends, and good will and benevolence to all mankind. 6. Constantly shun bad company, because it has been the ruin of thousands. 7. Reverence the house of God, and behave there with seriousness and propriety. 8. Study to grow wiser and better every day."

He then urged upon them the importance of praying to God to give them grace to choose the way of truth and righteousness; and the words of Jesus Christ, in Matt. vii. 13, 14, were explained, as the TWO WAYS, in one or other of which all mankind walk.

"The *broad way* represents the path of sin. It appears, at first, like an open way, *easy*, and *free*, and *pleasant*; so sin, through its *deceitfulness*, presents itself to the mind of men. This broad way is also full of company; for, since man fell from God, by far the greater part of the children of Adam walk in the ways of sin. Now, to warn us, our Saviour declared, that this way leads to *destruction—i. e.*, to the final misery of the soul beyond the grave. But the *narrow way* represents the way of holiness; that is, the love and practice of every duty through faith in Christ, for '*He is the*

way.' (John xiv. 6.) This narrow way may appear difficult of access, and you must strive to enter through the *strait gate*, that you may walk in it: that is, you must seek God by earnest prayer, and give up all sin, and ask for grace to assist you; and although the narrow way has but little company, for *few there be that find it*, yet it LEADETH UNTO LIFE. The ways of wisdom are sure to be found, at length, 'ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are PEACE.' *You must always look at the end.* There is a very beautiful motto attached to the arms of one of the English nobility (Earl Darnley), '*Finem respice*,' 'REGARD THE END.' If you were walking in a new and strange road, would you not inquire, '*Where will this road take me to?*' If it were an open, broad, gay, and pleasing road, yet if it led you to danger, how swiftly would you retrace your steps, and get out of it; and, on the other hand, if the road in which you were walking was narrow, disagreeable, thorny, and rugged, yet if it led you to *your Father's dwelling*, if it led you to your dear friends and your relations, if it led you to your *home*, you would proceed, and not regard a little trouble. So the narrow way of duty and holiness leads you to God and heaven, to angels, and to glory."

He then quoted his favourite lines, written by a chaplain of Queen Anne, (which were first printed in 1701,) on the broad and narrow way.

"Two paths there are, through which all mortals go,
This leads to bliss, and that to endless woe:
The way that leads to misery is broad,
A smooth, a pleasing, and a flowery road;
With company 'tis crowded everywhere—
The rich, the gay, the witty, and the fair.
Ah! fondly blinded! whither will they run?
Why in such headlong haste to be undone?
See, how they press death's ample gate to win!
How heedless of the flames that glare within!
There is another, unfrequented way,
Leads to the confines of eternal day;

Thorny and strait, yet as you further go,
'Twill still more easy, more delightful grow;
To pass this narrow gate, no labour spare,
For *heaven*, and *holy souls*, and *God himself is there!*"

He was one of the contributors to the "Youth's Magazine," and to the early volumes of the "Child's Companion." The Religious Tract Society printed his small paper, entitled the "Two Ways," No. 14; "Tracts for the Young;" also, "The History of Tom Lambert." This last is a large *broad sheet*, with cuts, for cottagers to place in their rooms. The Tract, No. 37 on their list, "Advice to a Young Man just entering upon the World," by Dr. Watts, was sent to the Society, and recommended and circulated by him. The following was written for a juvenile publication:—

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

PROV. VIII. 17.

All my powers I dedicate,
Great Creator, to thy praise!
Daily will I on thee wait,
Daily walk in wisdom's ways.
Those who early love thy name,
Thy regard shall ever prove;
This thy promise now I claim,
Saviour, deign my soul to love;
Shield me through this vale of tears,
Let thy grace my soul subdue;
Thine be all my months and years,
Be they many, Lord, or few.

One of his late Sunday scholars writes to him—"The remembrance of the excellent lessons received

while at Ranelagh, and of the invaluable truths uttered by your lips, often cause me the deepest emotion, and have cheered, and comforted, and strengthened me in the difficulties, and trials, and temptations of the world."

The following criticism on his character appeared in the "New Monthly Magazine," twenty years ago:—

"In professional and moral character the Rev. Mr. Shepherd, of Ranelagh Chapel, greatly resembles what *Dean Andrews* * was, although decidedly different in manner and expression as an orator. He seems as if borne down by a sense of the holy functions, to the performance of which he has been called, as if oppressed by the consciousness of the high nature, and solemn importance of his duties, and of the weight and responsibility attached to his ministry. He is as earnest, but less ardent than was *Andrews;* equally devout and sincere; as feeling and as persuasive, but less confident, yet, on the whole, probably more touching and affecting. It is said that his health is sacrificed to his profession; if so, it is to be regretted, for he is a pious and able man, who has done much, and is calculated to do more good if his life be spared."

Another periodical† contains the following remarks, since his decease, on the characteristic traits which call for notice:—

"His intelligence was great; his apprehension and grasp

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* Lancelot Andrews, an eminent divine, born at London in 1565, educated at Cambridge, where he became celebrated for his preaching, and his theological acquirements. He was chaplain to Queen Elizabeth, and Dean of Westminster. He was afterwards Bishop of Winchester, and died 1626.

† The "English Presbyterian Messenger," August, 1850.

of all subjects that came before him surprising; his good sense and urbanity very remarkable; in fact, he illustrated the remark of the apostle, he was 'diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.' Easy of access to the humblest and poorest, ever ready with advice and money to assist and counsel those who required it, he was beloved, respected, and esteemed by all who knew him. His piety was sincere and cheerful. His love to and for the Sabbath day was one very striking and prominent part of his character. The many remarks that frequently fell from his lips on this, his favourite subject, especially prove this. His conversation was lively, his memory remarkably retentive, and he happily illustrated and enforced his remarks with apposite anecdotes, which a long course of reading and converse with mankind furnished him on all subjects, and for all occasions."

He was a great economist of time, and was scrupulously punctual and exact in the fulfilment of all business engagements, and when duties were most numerous, never forgot any. His time was parcelled out so methodically, that a friend, who had known him for more than forty years, and who lived in the same street, says *he never saw him in a hurry.* Ever ready to attend to any request which might be made, he was accessible to all, and when unable to give the *help* required, would give the *best advice,* and be most anxious that success might be obtained, which was often remarked, by his saying to a comparative stranger, "Well, let me know how you succeed; I shall be glad to hear that you have attained your wish." His *benevolence* was great, and he would gladly put himself to trouble and inconvenience to serve any one; numberless instances might be given of this, and it is to

be regretted that he was at times mistaken, and met with ungrateful returns. In early life, he carried his feeling of willingness to render help to those who, knowing his activity and energy, applied to him, to such an extent that there can be no doubt it was to the injury of his own personal interests.

He had a happy way of deriving good out of apparently trifling circumstances, and therefore, as a friend* observed, "not a rush did he care, when he wanted to sow a *good seed*, whether he encompassed it with the mould of a mountain or a mole-hill. If there be a prospect of its springing up, budding and bearing fruit to men's good and God's glory, to work he went energetically." His friends must ever recall his cheerful piety, and that pleasantness of disposition which has been so justly deemed a great means of doing good, and which caused his conversation to be useful to many who had little regard to the best things.

The following criticism on his preaching appeared in a weekly journal, January 1830, under the title "Pulpit Sketches:"—

"His figure is decidedly good, his demeanour marked by reverential awe, and his countenance is expressive of the interest he inwardly feels for the inculcation of scriptural truths. Evangelical, in the purest sense of the term, he never once indulges that compromising sort of temper which sacrifices the sincerity of statement to the carnality of congregations. He deals conscientiously with them, but

* Old Humphrey.

his preaching not only tends to *conviction*, but is commendable for that amiableness and *persuasion* which may be considered as '*the eloquence of love and truth Divine.*' His utterance is rather slow, and his voice far from being strong. The charm predominant in his delivery has certainly the effect of attaching the best feelings of the human heart. He should also be noticed for his devout manner of performing the Liturgy, and for his expository style of commenting on the Lessons while reading them."

Mr. Shepherd was possessed of a remarkable combination of qualities, whether we regard his benevolence and general kindness of manner, or his business habits and economy of time, his pithy sayings and conversational powers. His diligence and activity in all that he undertook were very great. He knew nothing of spare hours, for his arrangements were always made in close succession, and yet with such precision that he never hurried; his desire, on all occasions and everywhere, to do good to the souls of all with whom he was, in any way, connected, was conspicuous. His manner was well adapted to arrest the attention, and interest the young; there was a liveliness and yet a seriousness which betokened his earnestness. His love for the Word of God might be seen in his life and conversation, and his readiness always to converse on the subject of religion. He was in all these respects an example to the young and to the old. We see in him one who carried out the Divine precept, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

His favourite authors were Baxter, Howe, and

Caryl. He was often found reading a volume of Christian biography, and was wont to mark the portions which specially interested him, and to insert original letters and memoranda relative to the subject of the memoir. Many of his volumes have been found with blank leaves, bound up with the idea probably of collecting additional information, and exemplify the "*method*" for which he was distinguished. His "Chronological Diary" is singularly interesting. In this book he inserted any event relative to his friends, which, for reference, might prove useful hereafter.

His later sermons and Scripture expositions were full of earnest zeal for the salvation of souls, and delivered with great pathos. When speaking of the joys and bliss of heaven, he seemed to be already there; it was a privilege to have heard these discourses delivered; they were filled with experimental truth, and great knowledge of the Scriptures; in fact, most of his illustrations were from the Word of God; they were occasionally interspersed by very choice quotations from Doddridge, Wesley, Watts, and Young.

When speaking of the love of the Saviour, he would not unfrequently be bathed in tears; and many who may read these Memoirs will recollect his earnest devotion, his warm piety, his affectionate zeal; and many of his living contemporaries would do well to copy his affectionate manner and winning softness of address. His expositions and remarks while reading the Scriptures were always

good, apposite, and usefully explanatory, interspersed with pithy remarks.

But he did not quit his favourite work when he ceased to be the pastor of Ranelagh. Up to the time of his last illness he had actively engaged in preaching twice, and, on some occasions, three times, on the Sabbath, in various parts of Chelsea and Westminster, and occasionally in the east of London. In the year 1849, from July to November, he frequently assisted at York-road Chapel, and the increased number who attended gave evidence of the acceptability of his services.

One of the last meetings at Pimlico which he attended was in 1849, for the British and Foreign Bible Society, of which noble institution he was an old and attached friend; and he advocated the cause in his usual cheerful way.

In Ranelagh he preached for the last time on the 12th December, 1849, from 2 Tim. i. 13. In the beginning of the following year (February), he lost his old, and much-respected friend, the Rev. Edward Alexander Dunn, of Pimlico, with whom he had maintained an unbroken friendship for more than forty years. They had laboured together in many of the religious societies in which they felt mutually interested; and his sermon on the occasion of his death was very affecting, from Acts xiii. 36. On the day of the funeral, after taking part in the service at Abney Park Cemetery, he was evidently much overcome.*

* The Rev. E. A. Dunn was born in the year 1778, and became minister of Buckingham Chapel, Pimlico, in the

One of the last letters received by him before his illness, was a reply to one addressed to Mr. H——n, of Dundee.

"My dear Sir, "12th April, 1850.

"My father has conferred on me the agreeable task of replying to your note of the 12th inst. He has succeeded in obtaining for you Mr. M'Cheyne's autograph,* from a lady of his acquaintance, Mrs. T——n, who was a very intimate friend, and a parishioner of Mr. M'Cheyne's, and is the mother of the boy on whose death some lines were written by Mr. M'Cheyne, which you will find in his book, entitled, 'On J. T., a Believing Boy.' The two last sermons I have got, and now enclose to you; Mrs. T—— tells me they must not be considered as any sample of Mr. M'Cheyne's usual style, as they are by no means equal to it.

"I remain, yours sincerely,

"R. H."

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year 1805. His ministry was rich in evangelical appeal, and in that pious unction which tells on the heart; and God was pleased to bless it to the good of souls. He laboured assiduously, as a pastor of the flock of Christ, to build up His Church in faith and holiness; and many still live to bear grateful testimony to the earnest and anxious feeling with which he watched for the souls of those committed to his care. He was a man of eminent consistency of character, fulness and fidelity of Gospel ministrations, and of rare and distinguished excellence. He died January, 1850. See *Evangelical Magazine*, March, 1850.

* The words attached to the autograph are—"The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Ever yours,

"Rob. Murray M'Cheyne."

The last public service in which he engaged was at Orange-street Chapel, on the morning of Lord's day, 24th March, 1850, when he discoursed on Psalm cxviii. 28, 29; and, on the evening of the same day, at Horseferry-road Chapel, from James v. 19, 20. His first serious indication of failing was on the 28th March, when he appeared to be very ill. But on the 29th, such was his energy, he attended the funeral of an infant at the Brompton Cemetery, and performed the service; and in the evening of the same day, being Good Friday, addressed a class of thirty young persons at his own house, from 1 Pet. ii. 21—25, in connexion with Isaiah liii. With unusual energy and appropriateness he pressed on the youthful circle, after speaking to them tenderly on the sufferings of Christ, the importance of cultivating the spirit of meekness in their intercourse with their parents, brothers, sisters, and schoolfellows. He reminded them also of the uncertainty of life, and the probability that some of them might be called away in youth. He entreated them to give their hearts to God, so that, whether removed from earth in youth, or spared to maturer age, *they might be safe for eternity.*

Touching on the subject of prayer, he pleaded with the young people not to be discouraged for the want of words, in their approaches to God. "Though," said he, "the words you utter may be so poor and mean that you would feel ashamed of them before your fellow-creatures, yet, if they are prompted by *earnest desire*, they will be approved and accepted of God."

One, who was present at this service, observed

afterwards, that "Mr. Shepherd could not have been more earnest had he known that that would have been the last opportunity afforded him for seeking the salvation of immortal souls, and for testifying to the glory and grace of his Divine Lord."

All present were surprised at the energy displayed on this occasion, more especially as he was so exhausted as to be unable to give out the hymns, though he selected the last. On the day following he felt so unwell as to send for his physician. His strength, from this time, gradually declined; and on May the 8th, he said to one who visited him, "*The great thing is preparation.*" On Thursday, the 9th, he said to his youngest son, "*I know whom I have believed; I am very unworthy.*" "Nothing in my hand I bring." He then quoted part of a hymn, respecting the intercession of Christ, which, he said, had often given him great comfort:

> "This instant *now* I may receive
> The answer of His powerful prayer;
> This instant *now* by Him I live,
> His prevalence with God declare,
> And soon my spirit, in His hands,
> Shall stand where my Forerunner stands."

Through the whole of his last hours, he evinced great patience and resignation, though his sufferings were most acute. His languor and weakness were so great that he was unable to speak long together; and this accounts for the remarks he made being often very brief. Alluding, at one time, to the pain he had suffered, he remarked, "I do not like to call it AGONY; I think that *can* be

applied only to the Saviour's sufferings; *but my pain has been very great.*" He observed, several times—"How merciful is it that my consciousness has been preserved;" and here he alluded to the circumstances connected with the death of his old friend, Mr. Dunn. Letters of sympathy from his friends greatly cheered and comforted him.

During a great part of the last few days of his life, he appeared to be in constant communion with his God. He fully experienced the words of his own sweet hymn.*

* Mark the weary pilgrim, walking
Near to Jordan's fearful streams,
With his heart and Jesus talking,
Canaan's glory on him beams:
Now his journey past retracing,
Sins and mercies mark the road;
Now the promises embracing,
These ensure his rest with God.

Love and gratitude expressing,
For the special gift of grace;
Nought of guilt his mind oppressing,
Nought his lips employ but praise;
For the close of life prepared,
Ready to go up and die;
Since his Jesus has declared
To his spirit He'll be nigh.

See how calm his head reclining,
With the promis'd land in view,
All his dearest friends resigning;
Now he finds the promise true.
Jesus now his mind sustaining,
With him in the hour of grief,
Soon the heights of glory gaining,
Heaven's joys bring quick relief!

Some of his aspirations during this period, amidst his sufferings, were very touching—"Lord, help me!" "O, that this strife may cease!" "Lord, give me patience!" "O, blessed God!"

On the last Sabbath he suffered much through the whole day, and towards evening he called his beloved wife and daughters to his bedside, with the greatest composure and solemnity, telling them he had "*been waiting all day*" for a suitable opportunity to speak to them, and had wished to gather all his family around him; but he found he must not wait any longer, therefore they must tell the rest all he said. And, first addressing his wife, he remarked—"We met in very different circumstances *fifty-four years ago*," (alluding to the anniversary of their *wedding-day*, which had just returned;) and, after a slight reference to his sufferings, he said, "The will of the Lord be done!" adding, "you have been an invaluable wife to me; 'a prudent wife, is from the Lord!'"

He then was obliged to pause for a few moments, and, making a renewed effort, said to his children present, "You have been all good children, but not so of yourselves, *but by the grace of God.*

Jesus, may I thus be favour'd;
May I thus resign my breath;
With thy faithful ones be gather'd,
When I tread the vale of death!
Let me live on Christ depending,
On Him cast my every care:
Peaceful to my grave descending,
See His face, His favour share!

Live in unity and godly love; keep close to God, and he will never forsake you." He then appeared quite exhausted, and said no more at that time; but several sweet sentences, which dropped at intervals from his lips, evinced that his soul was in *perfect peace*, resting wholly upon Christ, his confidence firm and unshaken. Some one remarked, "Underneath you are the everlasting arms." With great emphasis he replied, "Yes, a Rock—the Rock of Ages."

On Monday, May 13th, he said to his youngest son, "Preach Christ faithfully; do not mince matters." At another time, in the night, he said to him, "I am now going to '*where the wicked cease from troubling; and the weary are at rest.*'" Again, "*The Lord is a rock, his work is perfect.*" He entirely renounced all self-dependence, and remarked, "We are poor, dying creatures—sinful dust and ashes before God."

He generally asked his friends who came to see him to pray for him, and emphatically, and with great composure, addressed each as if fully aware of his dying state, and as if it were the last time he should see or speak with them. He particularly inquired after members of their families, and ejaculated, "God bless you and yours; God bless you; I am near home. The Lord will take care of you." To a friend, a member of his former congregation, he said, "I have been thinking of heaven, where we shall all meet, and where there will be no more sickness nor sorrow." To the physician, who called the day before his death, he

said, "I am going home:" and then, in the course of a few moments, added,—"you gentlemen of the medical profession have great need of the prayers of God's people."

When a note was read to him, the last he was able to attend to, from a dear friend, a minister of the Free Church of Scotland, who had not been aware of his illness, asking him to assist him for a few Sundays, he said:—"Write to him that there is no one I would more readily assist, and with greater pleasure, had I been well." This same friend, writing, after his decease, to his son, remarked:—"It was the happy talent of our lamented friend to exhibit the Christian life in an amiable and attractive light. Religion sat on him with a smiling countenance, and evermore breathed love."

He remarked to the medical man, "You cannot help me *now;* God *will.*" To his eldest daughter, who said, while endeavouring to smooth his pillow to give him repose, "The Saviour only can make it soft as downy pillows are;" he earnestly replied, "No one else; no one else." To his youngest daughter, who came in during the evening, he said: "I have been thinking of you *all day.* God love you all;" and having spoken of her children, he remarked, "I shall see them all again."

When remarks were offered by various members of his family with a view to console him, he would reply, "*that's it;*" showing, in a ready and earnest way, how he felt what was expressed. The last words addressed to him by his youngest son were,

"Do you find the Lord's presence comforting?" His reply, clear and distinct, was—"Very *comforting.*"

These might be regarded as the last words spoken by him. Soon after this he became unconscious, and on Thursday evening, May 16, at half-past six o'clock, he sweetly and softly fell asleep in Jesus, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. It was difficult to know precisely when the spirit left its earthly tabernacle, so calm and gentle was its dismission.

He left written instructions concerning his funeral, which he directed his son where to find, after his decease; amongst which was found a paper, ordering that the following words should be inscribed upon his grave-stone—

"Oh, to grace how great a debtor."

His mortal remains were interred in the Norwood Cemetery, on Thursday, the 23rd May, when the Rev. Samuel Martin, of Westminster Chapel, delivered a most appropriate and pathetic address. He has now entered into "the *rest which remaineth for the people of God;*" and, in the words of one of his own appropriate and pious hymns, enjoys

"A Sabbath free from cares and pains,
Eternal and in heaven."

The last note ever written by him was to his old and dear friend, Dr. Morison; it bears date May 4th, 1850, and was written in a clear and bold hand:—

"DEAR FRIEND MORISON,

"I have been, and still am, very ill, and can take nothing but liquids. Great debility. What a mercy to have my mind clear as ever, and a full reliance on *Jesus;* and, I hope, a taste of the PEACE—'The boon and blessing which my Saviour gave.' I know the solemn work you have before you. The Lord strengthen and keep you, as He has hitherto done. I see very *few* of these old and dear friends. ANY time (of course), glad to see YOU. Ask your flock for their prayers, *you* leading them,—1. That God may be *glorified* in me, in fulfilling His holy will. 2. That I may have submission and humble acquiescence to His will. 3. That I may be favoured with the shining of His countenance. 4. That I may increasingly be prepared for heaven. And ask for all I need as a sinner and a sufferer. Regards from *all* here to Mrs. M. and yourself. *Thirty-six* years unbroken friendship!

"Ever yours faithfully in Christ,

"R. H. S."

Such was the closing scene of a life of great activity, and of no mean share of usefulness in the vineyard of our blessed Lord. We shall see him no more, till we meet him in another and better world. Dr. Morison, in his funeral discourse, gives the following outline of his general character:—

"When I first met him, thirty-six years ago, I was impressed with the feeling that he belonged to the class of persons who are ordinarily regarded to

be originals; and certainly he preserved an identity in his social intercourse, in his pulpit labours, and in his correspondence, entirely his own. He was certainly not a common-place or every-day character. As his theology was largely drawn from the Puritan divines, it ministered, in no small degree, to the particular tendency of mind by which he was distinguished. But there was a natural frankness and ease in his manners which disarmed all criticism, and rendered him a most agreeable companion in *all* the intercourse of social and Christian life. His mind was richly stored with anecdotes and facts, illustrative of the early struggles of evangelical religion in the Church of England, with which he had been very familiar in his youthful years. I learned more from him, than from any man I ever knew, of the effects produced by the ministry and writings of Scott the commentator, and others with whom he was associated, in their noble struggle against Arminianism on the one hand, and Hyper-calvinism on the other.

"He was a sincere and steady friend, which I have proved for the space of nearly forty years. My last conversation with him was more expressive of regard and confidence on his part, than any one I ever held before. He was a man of business and order in all that he undertook, and would rather be suspected of formality and stiffness in little matters, than yield to carelessness and negligence in reference to things which had been entrusted to his care. He was, I can most conscientiously testify, a deeply and sincerely godly man.

Spiritual conversation was never unwelcome to him, and rarely did he fail to originate it. His passing remarks were often very instructive, and were generally enriched by reference to pleasing facts and incidents, which tended to fix them in the memory, and to render them improving to the heart. '*By the grace of God he was what he was,*' and his infirmities, whatever they might have been, were only such as comported with single-hearted devotion to the cause of his blessed Lord and Redeemer.

"Those who really knew him cannot forget to love him. He is embalmed in loving hearts. He will be thought and spoken of, in this vicinity, for many years to come. His converts will pronounce his name with reverence and gratitude; and his brethren in the ministry will say of him, that 'He was a good man, full of faith, and of the Holy Ghost.' May we all prepare to meet him where death-divided friends shall meet to part no more."

FROM OLD HUMPHREY.

"June 24th, 1853.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I have been to that lovely garden of death, the Cemetery at Norwood, paying another pilgrimage to the resting-place of your honoured father. On such occasions the past comes over us, and brings with it vivid remembrances that awaken our sensibilities, and rekindle our affections. While standing over the grave of my departed friend, and plucking a daisy from its flowery sod, the sun was shining

thereon, the fresh breeze was blowing, the throstle and blackbird were melodiously singing, starlings were flying around the battlements of the Church, and peace and tranquillity reigned around.

"A cemetery is a fit place for quiet thoughts and solemn musings of the mind, and especially is it a place for recalling to our remembrance the more striking points of character of such of our relations and friends as may there be slumbering. As I looked on the head-stone of your departed father, and read graven thereon the simple but expressive and suitable allusion to him, in the words, '*Oh, to grace how great a debtor,*' I could not but take a backward glance at our acquaintance with each other.

"My first interview with him was at a dinner-table, where a literary party shared, with the more substantial provision of their hospitable host, a mental banquet of more than common gratification. Your father was on that occasion a liberal contributor to the general hoard of enjoyment; and I could not but remark, that I never remembered to have met one more highly gifted with the power of clothing happy thoughts in happy words. The richness, variety, and redundancy of his language, as well as the ease and celerity with which, when necessary, he repeated the same sentiment in different words, much surprised me; subsequent intercourse only set this talent in a stronger light, so that the impression made on my mind, in this respect, the first hour of our acquaintance, was retained to the last.

"Often have I noticed the affection that he manifested for Mrs. Shepherd and the different members of his family, always putting them in favourable attitudes when opportunity occurred. Again and again have I observed him listening to your remarks, or to those of your 'antiquarian' brother, or kind-hearted sister, with as much attention and respect as if he had been young, and you had been adorned with gray hairs. I never could exactly understand how it was that I felt so free from restraint, so completely at home with one who inspired me with so much reverence, but it must, I suppose, have been owing to his affectionate kindness.

"Philip* of Maberly has elegantly written concerning the amenity of the prophet ELIJAH, 'Whilst his solemn rebuke turned back the messengers of Ahaziah, and like a flaming sword waved between them and "the God of Ekron," his simple words drew after him, with cords of love, the ploughmen of Abelmeholah.' Much of this amenity, this simplicity of mind, have I met with in Christian ministers, and no small portion of it characterised your father, though ever ready to buckle on his armour, and fight under the banner of his Leader and his Lord.

"While a pilgrim on earth, your father ever kept his eye on heaven. The future was ever present with him. His letters, notes, and communications to me had this mark upon them—while

* The author of "The Experimental Guides," "Life of Whitefield," &c., &c.

alluding to things temporal, he never forgot those that are spiritual and eternal. It mattered not how humorous they were, how redundant, or how talented, for the humour, the redundancy, and the talent were continually, as it were, trodden under foot by some closing weighty Christian exhortation, suggestion, or remark. He might be said, by the language of his lips and his pen, always to be building Christian temples, and the top-stone, the Redeemer, was sure to be 'brought in with shouting.'

"There was an earnest sincerity in his attachment to the sacred Scriptures. He seemed to me to attach a solemn and peculiar significancy to every chapter he read, and every text that he quoted; and again and again has he impressed me, by his remarks, with a deeper reverence for God's Holy Word. Ever anxiously solicitous for the honour of his Divine Master, he would have the Saviour here, there, and everywhere; he must always be the Alpha and the Omega, ruling and reigning as 'the Lord of lords, and King of kings.'

"What his infirmities and less loveable qualities were I cannot tell, for it so happened that I seemed to visit him in his sunniest seasons. Towards me there was always manifested by him the cheerfulness of unaffected pleasure—the 'flare up,' if I may speak so familiarly, of a friendly and affectionate spirit. I used, now and then, intentionally to excite him, by playfully taking up an argument the reverse of his known opinion, and then he came forth as an armed man to the battle, and we

waged the war of words together. His eloquence, ingenuity, and resources in argument were striking. Great was his complacency when our weapons were laid aside, and he was acknowledged the victor. I do believe that he liked and loved me the better for the contention.

"You have, my dear Sir, too much affection for your honoured parent, and too great a respect for his memory, to require from me any apology for these remarks. I always fancied that I saw more in my departed friend than other people saw; when alive I loved him, and now he is called away I honour his memory. With my kindest remembrance to Mrs. Shepherd,

"Believe me to be, my dear Sir,

"Yours sincerely and affectionately,

"G. M.

"Rev. R. Shepherd."

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO HIS WIFE.

July 9th, 1840.

My dearest B——,

The Lord will, I trust, *never* leave us, but *guide* and *keep* us to the end. Blessed be His name, He has dealt with us according to His Word; and, by His grace, I trust He will prepare us for His heavenly kingdom! Having fulfilled His will on earth, O that we may spend an eternity in His presence and love! Pray for me, as I do for *you* and our *dear children.* It is a mercy, a great mercy, we have comfort in them.

Love to all. God bless you, my dear, by night and by day.

Your most affectionate husband.

June 13th, 1843.

My dear Love,

I cannot put the *annexed letter** into your hands,

* A birth-day memento, containing a beautiful hymn by the Rev. Legh Richmond, M.A., late rector of Turvey, Bedfordshire.—*See the end of this volume.*

upon the very interesting return of your *birth-day*, without acknowledging the great goodness of God to me, that you have been spared to me and our dear children for so many years, and are now in the enjoyment of your usual health; if the will of God be so, may it continue, till at length you are called to the possession of a heavenly mansion. We were married, May 11th, 1796, by dear Mr. Newton, and have passed forty-seven happy years together. God ever bless you!

Your very affectionate husband.

April 27th, 1844.

MY VERY DEAR E——,

I purposely omit any little matters of worldly affairs, as you will receive this on the Sabbath—"*the day of* REST," both to body and mind; but after our highest and purest enjoyments in the house of our God, it comforts us, in sorrow and affliction, to believe that "*there remaineth a rest for the people of God.*" Heb. iv. 9; 2 Cor. v. 1; John xiv.; and Phil. i. 23. Retirement from the world is now my delight—I have seen enough of life. *Home*, the sanctuary of my God, and the duty still resting upon me, these are all I would attend to. The less we mingle with the world *at* ANY *time*, but especially in our decline, the *better*.

May the evening of our days be marked by increasing attachment to each other, and by increasing devotedness to God. We have had our afflictions, but they have been comparatively *few*

and *light;* and I am sure we may say, "*Goodness and mercy have followed us all our days.*"

Ever, my best love,
Your affectionate husband.

LINES ADDRESSED TO MRS. E. S., ON A VISIT TO HER SON, REV. R. S.

Steps that weary are, and slow,
Mark advancing years below;
While our once meridian sun,
Nearly has its circle run:
Yet, beyond this vale of tears,
All its sufferings and its fears,
On her *anchor* HOPE reclines,
Joins with *Faith*, with *Love* combines,
And the sweetest scene beholds,
Which the Word of God unfolds.
Soon the warfare shall be o'er!
Soon these sorrows felt no more!
Let us now in grace abound,
Then at last in Christ be found!
We can ne'er forget the day,
In *ninety-six*—the 11th of May—
When dear *Newton* join'd our hands
In the holy marriage bands.
Few are spared so long as we,
Eight-and-forty years to see!
Children's children to embrace—
May they ALL partake of grace,
Choose the Lord, the Church increase.
Pray for Zion's weal and peace!

Pimlico, April 27th, 1844. R. H. S.

In a letter dated June 6th, 1848, he mentions the Lock Chapel:—"*One's memory* LINGERS on dear Scott and the old Chapel; many, many *happy*,

peaceful Sabbaths we had there. Well, I trust, through Divine love and mercy, we are preparing for the better mansions. Oh, to be abstracted *more and more* from the present world, and live nearer to God!"

July 14th, 1849.

MY DEAR WIFE,

I pray that you may enjoy a peaceful *Sabbath.* The holy day is a great boon to us—I do enjoy it; *sometimes much,* at other times *dark and dull.* I have now and then a cordial, a sweet hope, but I feel how *utterly* unworthy I am. Gen. xxxii. 10, just suits me: my only refuge is Jesus, and my resting-place His promises, Matt. xi. 28—30. I hope we shall spend an *eternity* together in heaven.

Your loving husband ever.

July 21st, 1849.

DEAREST WIFE,

You must not go without a *Sabbath letter* to cheer and comfort you. The Sabbath is a rich and *inestimable privilege.* Its quietude—its cessation from all that is of the earth, earthy—its *calm*—its holy *services*—its house of *prayer and praise*—its preparation for duty—its sweet *solace*—its delightful *anticipation,* the heavenly rest. Heb. iv. 9. May you, my beloved, enjoy your Sabbath day *now,* always, to the *end!* The Lord bless you with much comfort. *Read* Numb. vi. 24—26, *that is my prayer* for you, love.

Your affectionate husband.

July 28th, 1849.

My dear Love,

You must not lose your usual letter, and the little I write to-day shall be in accordance with Sabbath privileges and duties. Our distinguished mercies demand our praise and love to God. He has, indeed, dealt well with us, according to His Word. We should be more *grateful*, if we were more *thoughtful*. The REVIEW of *past* years would awaken the best emotions of the heart. How beautifully the 103rd Psalm suits us *at all times!* The peace, love, and *quietude* of the *Sabbath* in the country is most *delightful;* it is, indeed, "*rest.*" May you enjoy, my dear, all your Sabbaths here, till you enter HEAVEN. Heb. iv. 9.

Your ever affectionate husband.

TO HIS ELDEST SON.

34, St. James's St., 5th Aug., 1817.

My dear S——,

If I did not possess a conviction that your mind and heart were under the influence and guidance of right principles and affections, I should fill the residue of the paper with *counsel, caution,* and *instruction*; yet I cannot forbear stirring up your mind by way of remembrance, and to impress you with the infinite importance of living and acting under a deep and lasting impression of the presence of God. "When I am awake, I am still with thee!" There is not anything, my dear child, so *ennobles* and *purifies* the soul as living near God; it

advances our present felicity, and doubles every earthly joy. I never *forget*, in *any company*, or on *any occasion*, the presence of the Deity; and let it constitute the hallowed and elevated desire of your heart to receive the approval of God in connexion with the testimony of your own conscience.

Be reserved in the company of the enemies of religion, if Providence should cast your lot occasionally among them. I mean not that you should ever be ashamed of the holy principles of our faith, but read the 39th Psalm, and the silence of David is your *wisdom* and your *pattern*.

Your affectionate father.

34, St. James's Street, May 29th, 1818.

My dearest Children,

I have with deep regret to inform you of the death of dear Mrs. John Osmond; she died this morning, at two o'clock, *after a short illness*. She was an amiable, pious, prudent, valuable woman. It is an irreparable loss to Mr. O——. You will sympathise with poor Eliza. These are constant memorials of human frailty, and the instability of human happiness. Oh! the felicity of the real Christian, who can say,

> "Come life or death is equal;
> Neither weighs. All weight in this—
> Oh! let me live to Thee!"

Dr. Waugh preached us a most refreshing sermon last evening on afflictions.

Your affectionate father.

TO HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER.

Pimlico, June 8th, 1820.

My dearest B——,

I am gratified to learn you are well and happy. *Health* is dependant on the will of God; but happiness is, if I may so speak, more within our power than we are wont to imagine. Dr. Collyer preached for me, on Wednesday, a *very* excellent sermon—"*Christ in you, the hope of glory.*" I have not felt well lately—a *general* languor; but it is our mercy that our health, and all relating to us, is under the direction of unerring wisdom. As our heavenly Father knoweth what things we have need of before we ask, so He will not, in any instance, try us more than He will give us strength to bear. *He does all things well.* The *review* of the past is amply sufficient to inspire confidence for the future, and peace at the *present.* They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion; they alone are *kept* in peace, while every other ground of confidence is fluctuating and defective. *I cannot enjoy a* GREATER pleasure than the knowledge I possess that you, my very dear love, have been taught to fear and love God. He will *never* leave you, nor forsake you. How ardently I long to bid adieu to all on earth! It is, indeed, vanity and vexation; all on earth is shadow—all beyond is substance.

Believe me, my dear child,

Your affectionate father.

TO THE SAME.

Pimlico, April 4th, 1821.

I am very happy in the delightful reflection that, while you are absent from us, God has given you grace always to enjoy a never-failing source of consolation in reading His good Word, and in private prayer; the great advantages of which far, very far exceed all our conceptions, in every scene of human life, whether duty, suffering, or enjoyment.

Your most affectionate father.

TO HIS BROTHER, MR. WILLIAM SHEPHERD.

Pimlico, 19th March, 1824.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

Agreeably to my promise, I write you a few thoughts on the passage in Habakkuk. '*O Lord, revive thy work.*' The text is an exceeding rich one, and will afford ample scope for the feelings and zeal of the preacher. The work of God in the soul of man is a work of *wonder, power, goodness,* and *love.*

I. The power of religion in the heart is *God's work.* 1. *He is the author.* Means are important, but means without a Divine blessing are useless;—"I have planted." 1 Cor. iii. 4. 2. He *carries on the work.* 3. He *overrules the most distressing events* for its promotion. 4. *He completes it.*

II. The work of God in the soul may *decline.* This is fairly *implied* in the *text,* and mournfully proved by *example.* It will be profitable to inquire the causes; the subject unfolds, the deceitfulness of sin, and the remaining influence of the evils of the heart. 1. Pride: Hezekiah's heart lifted up. 2. Un-

necessary familiarity with the world. 3. Neglect of the means of grace; specially, neglect of private prayer. 4. A worldly, covetous spirit. 5. The neglect of cultivating a forgiving spirit. 6. Mingling in *political* disputes. 7. Cares of this life resting on the mind, without the exercise of faith leading us to cast all our care, &c.

III. A truly gracious heart *will deeply deplore* this in its *individual* experience, and in relation to the *Church at large*. 1. The mind cannot but be conscious of it. 2. There will be a loss of the *ineffable pleasures* of real piety, which *no worldly good* can make up. The heart will be sick amidst all. "My heart is pained, nor can it be at rest," &c. 3. All the *pomp* of external service will not avail to compensate the departure of the spiritual glory.

IV. The best means of obtaining a *revival* is PRAYER: (this will afford a rich vein of thought on the mighty power of prayer.)

> *"Come in thy pleading Spirit down**
> *To us who for thy coming stay;*
> *Of all thy gifts we ask but one,*
> *We ask the constant power to pray."*

1. With God is the residue of the spirit. 2. Before any remarkable revival, a spirit of prayer has been poured out in past times. 3. Prayer will bring the mind into a suitable state to receive the blessing.

Application.—1. Let every one *examine* the state of his own soul—cannot be stationary—must be

* Hymn 294, Wesley's collection.

going forward or *declining*. 2. Dread commencement of declining in the ways of *God*. 3. Seek daily growth in grace. 4. Mark where *others* have failed, and avoid the scenes and temptations that have proved *dangerous*, if not *fatal* to them. 5. Anticipate and desire that blessed state where freedom from sin and temptation shall secure our confirmation in purity, and love, and joy.

I regret this is so brief and imperfect an outline; you can readily enlarge it, *particularly* in the APPLICATION, for, after all, *this* is the important part.

Yours most affectionately.

P.S. I have to thank you for calling my attention to the *text*, for it led me to preach from it *last evening* to a very large congregation.

TO THE SAME.

June 21, 1822.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

I enclose you an outline of one of my sermons I wrote yesterday afternoon, for the evening service. 2 Thess. iii. 13.

To decide on the nature and effects of Christianity aright, we must judge by—1. The writings of the Apostles. 2. Their lives. It is evident that those who speak and write of Christianity as opposed to God's works, have studied it from very different sources; *Hume*, *Gibbon*, force of *prejudice*, and *bad passions*.

Remarkable attachment of the Apostle to the Thessalonians; refer to the history of that church in the *Acts*. Had been exhorting them to diligence, in several duties. Christianity does not encourage

idleness. Idle persons and selfish ones are a curse to the *world* and to the *church*.

In the text—I. The duty enforced, "well-doing." II. The danger implied, "being weary;" *faint* in the margin. III. The caution suggested, "Be not weary." IV. The motive used, "Brethren, ye."

I. *Well-doing* opposed—1. To the conduct of the world: 2. To the conduct of the selfish: 3. To acts *apparently* good, but not substantially so. It includes—1. A reference to the law of God as the standard. 2. A reference to the example of Christ. 3. A reference to the several claims of others. 4. Active exertions. 5. These continued; the ungrateful returns. 6. Especially a concern for the *souls* of others.

II. *Being weary*—1. Through conscious sense of weakness. 2. Through neglecting means of grace. 3. Through imperfection of motive.

III. *Caution*—many things lead us to be weary: —1. Unsubdued passions. 2. Ungrateful returns. 3. Expensive nature of some duties. 4. Allurements of the world. 5. Negligence over our spirit. 6. Forgetfulness of our own engagements.

IV. 1. *Brethren*—relative claims of all. Have we not all one Father, &c. 2. Command of God. 3. "Ye," who have the Spirit with you, and hope of heaven before you. 4. Shortness of scene of service.

Inferences—1. Humbled under past failures and faintings. 2. Resist intrusion and selfishness. 3. Reflect on the honor of God, as concerned in our doing well—"With well-doing," (Peter.) 4. Establishment of our character, and peace of our end, &c.

I conclude you heard of the death of Sarah Cooke, the only surviving child of the Rev. John Cooke (Mrs. Shepherd's niece), aged thirty. She died at Palace-street, May 25. Came for advice; only here a fortnight; suffered much. Her illness has greatly affected Mrs. S. Her mother died *nine* years ago; she was Mrs. S.'s *only* sister.

Yours ever and most affectionately.

TO HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER.

Bolter End, West Wycombe, July 16, 1840.

MY BELOVED ELIZABETH,

I bore the journey well; full of incident—some singular ones. Providence appears everywhere. There is not anything casual.

"All nature is but art unknown to thee;
All *chance, direction* which thou canst not see."

Quietness is every thing with me just now. I have lived in a bustle *all my life*, and now seek and *sigh* for peace! Well, *God* is all sufficient. "I know that Thou canst do every thing," is a sentiment with which David comforted himself, and so may YOU and I.

Receive our hearts' love and prayers.

Your affectionate father.

Bolter End, West Wycombe, Aug. 29, 1840.

BELOVED E——,

Just a few lines I knew you would expect; and though *few*, yet written by a father's *hand*, and vibrating the love of a father's heart (the *full tone* you cannot hear), they will be acceptable. I had three long walks yesterday. In the morning a very

long one, with Mr. C. P. and R. I am (as usual) up first, writing; I have already written two letters. Mr. P., senr., called in the afternoon; very kind; will take mother and myself to Hambleden in his chaise; there are some fine and ancient monuments *there.*

I have been reflecting upon the vast importance of mental culture to children; I have *no doubt* but that your kind and long-continued and affectionate exertions for the little ones will be remembered by them till they die; yea, I hope the fruit will remain in eternity! Children are *far* more susceptible of *deep* impressions than we suppose—they are *listeners* and *imitators;* and there is a certain quality, a component part of man—of ambition—apart from a desire of distinction, if I may so describe it. It is a consciousness of possessing a mental power which requires direction. Well, I did not mean to write a lecture; this is *long* enough and *prosy* enough, so *finis.* Receive our love and give it to all.

Your affectionate father,

R. H. S.

Give our remembrance to *good old* BETTY.* Tell her that her old master does not forget her in his prayers.

Pimlico, November 6, 1840.

MY DEAREST E——,

How can I better employ a few moments than in writing to my beloved child. We all *miss you,* but I seem forlorn without you. E. T. is, by all testimony, in a most precarious and uncertain state.

* An old and faithful servant of the deceased, in his service forty years.

O, that this affliction may be sanctified to her! Do *write* to her. She will take it *kind*, and it may be useful. Press upon her the duty of self-examination, and *simple* reliance on the blessed Saviour. I wish she would read *Baxter's* Dying Thoughts, or *Crawford's;* or the *Saint's Rest*, and *Howe's Redeemer's Tears.* * * *

Your affectionate father.

Pimlico, 23rd July, 1844.

My beloved Child,

I enclose you a curious letter, received yesterday from a "*young lady*," as Mr. Brunton calls her, of *eighty-six*, relative to *Job Orton.* The writing at the back is copied from his autograph. Your acceptable letter just received—matter of *gratitude.* Every hour brings mercies. I was delighted yesterday in reading Psalm ciii. It is our *every-day* portion on *earth*, and *most* of it will be a *heavenly* portion. Do *not* write too many letters, but be sure you write to

Your ever affectionate father.

Pimlico, 25th July, 1844.

Dearest E——,

I enclose a letter from Sir John B. Williams, very kind and friendly. I know all that refers or relates to Shrewsbury interests you. What delightful weather! Ask your brother for his *Seasons* (Thomson's) and read "Summer." He was an eminent writer, and one of the most popular of the English poets; he was the son of a Scotch clergyman, born Sept. 11, 1700. In 1726, he published his "*Winter.*" His writings

procured him the friendship of Lord Chancellor *Talbot;* his history is interesting; he died at Richmond, Surrey, Aug. 27, 1748, only forty-eight.

Your ever affectionate father.

11, Chatham Place, 26th July, 1844.

I am desirous you should be in all matters pleased; I am, therefore, gratifying you, I trust, in giving you a few lines to read at breakfast. It is useful to have some good and *useful* subject of *general* converse during or after meals; something *besides* the usual topics of the weather. All *this* is well; taken *literally*, the rain, the heat, and even the storm, are good; but now let us have something for the *mind*, its illumination, its expansion, its elevation, its improvement. I think it will be well to read again *Sturm's Reflections*, and Mason's Spiritual Treasury, &c. We should be always gathering, laying up, mentally and morally. Yesterday evening I read prayers and preached, Zech. xiv. 21, "*And in that day there shall be no more the Canaanite in the house of the Lord of hosts.*"

Your affectionate father.

11, Chatham Place, July 29, 1844.

Fragments of time, if gathered up, and used and *improved*, how much they would *add* to *days*, and *weeks*, and *months*, and *years*, and *life!* Do read wise Dr. Johnson's paper in the *Rambler* on this very point, No. 108, the title of which is, "Life sufficient to all purposes if well employed."

You know that good Dr. Doddridge wrote his exposition on the New Testament (six volumes)

from six to eight in the morning.* Why, ALL of us *fritter away much time.* See *Eph.* v. 16; *Rom.* xiii. 11, 12. Why, the Bible is full of this: *John* ix. 4. If our adored Lord said thus, what ought we to *say and do?* Tell your visitants and visitors to be *short.* When the tale is told and the object of the call recited, and a *few* remarks upon sunshine and rain, and heat and cold, and a *brief* reference to the concerns of other persons—and the *briefer* and *fewer* the better—then you rise and calmly say, "O dear! the wings of time! I wish he had *no* wings, or only *one,* and then he would stay *with* us and stay *for* us." But you can finish with some classical reference, or some terse and pithy saying or proverb of the ancients, &c.

Do not suppose my *Chronology Book* useless, or merely curious.† *Often,* when I refer to it, it calls forth a train of thought which I find beneficial; for instance, *to-day, July 29th,* I find—

"1770.—Elizabeth Wallbridge (the Dairyman's Daughter) born." Then I thought upon the book; upon Richmond.

"1742.—Isabella Marshall (afterwards *Mrs. Graham*) born at Lanark." Then I thought upon her *life,* her *afflictions,* her *peace,* her *death,* and her HEAVEN *now.* You have the love of all here, as well as the overflowing of the heart of

Your ever affectionate father.

* It was Mr. S.'s practice to rise at six o'clock every morning.

† A book in which he entered events relative to his friends and others; it was arranged with a blank page for every day in the year, closely ruled.

A SABBATH AT ST. MARGARET'S, HERTS.

Lord's Day Morning, 27th April, 1845.

I came here on Friday afternoon, 25th inst., on a short visit to my dear son, Rev. R. Shepherd, at whose house my beloved wife had been since the 4th inst., and whom I found improved in health, for which I desire to praise God.

Temporal mercies demand our gratitude, how much more *spiritual* blessings in Christ Jesus! My dear son is enabled to *teach* and preach the Gospel of Christ, with all plainness and simplicity; may his message be received, and most abundantly blessed of God, then will the following be verified, 1 Cor. ii. 1—7; 1 Cor. iv. 2; 2 Cor. iv. 5; Rom. xv. 29. Attended morning service at St. Margaret's; Richard preached from Rev. i. 10, "*I*

was in the spirit on the Lord's day." The whole service was exceedingly pleasant and grateful to me.

In the afternoon I went to the school, heard the children repeat Psalm xix., and 1 Cor. xiii. I then addressed them from Prov. iii. 17. My dear daughter-in-law attends the girls' school every Lord's day, and gives suitable instruction to the children.

In the *evening*, attended Divine service. Richard preached from Ezekiel's vision of the dry bones. Ezek. xxxvii. 1 to 10. May a Divine blessing follow the word.

R. H. S.

On 29th May, 1848, he writes of the peaceful and happy Sabbath spent at St. Margaret's.

Westminster Hospital, 5th August, 1845.

MY DEAREST ELIZABETH,

This is the place to awaken gratitude for health and all its attendant blessings. This (gratitude) all are greatly deficient in, because—1. We are proud. 2. We look at those *above* us, instead of those suffering. 3. We are too unmindful of our *mercies*. 4. We think too much of ourselves. 5. We do not profit (as we ought) by past scenes and seasons of unthankfulness, &c., &c.

Your loving father.

Pimlico, 7th August, 1845.

MY DEAR ELIZABETH,

Methinks you must look for a letter as naturally and regularly as you look for your breakfast. Well, here it is. I must fill up the paper, although it is

more difficult than Steele or Addison found it to find matter for their "*Spectator*," from No. 1, March 1, 1710-11, to No. 635, Dec. 20, 1714. By the bye, the last paper (excellent), No. 635, was written by the learned and pious Rev. *Henry Grove*, of Taunton, of whom it is quite sufficient to write that he was the friend of Dr. Watts and Mrs. Rowe. I wish there was a publication like "*The Spectator*" now; a breakfast-paper, grave and gay, solemn yet lively. I admire the tact and perseverance of Chambers' publications, but *those* are not the sort I mean. "*The Guardian*," which followed "*The Spectator*," is good (much from the same pens); but not so good (in my humble judgment) as "*The Spectator*." JOHNSON'S "*Rambler*" (4 vols.) is excellent—I have a beautiful small edition—the papers are so characteristic of the man. A great mind, full of the love of truth (taking that word in its *general* sense), hating most cordially *error, sophistry, lies*, and all the "legion" progeny thereof; somewhat out of humour (temper) with the world, because of its frippery, folly, fancies, fables, fantasies, falseness, fickleness, yea because of its frailty, and too seldom listening to the whispers of mercy and forbearance, in softening and endeavouring to *mitigate* the withering powers of his censures.

No more at present, except much love to surrounding friends and near kindred, and the heart's desire for the salvation of the people at St. Margaret's.

Your affectionate father.

Westminster Hospital, Oct. 20, 1846.

MY VERY DEAR E——,

I have been round to *every ward*; some interesting cases, *all* to *awaken gratitude*. What an invaluable blessing is health! How we should improve this talent! John ix. 4. My favourite text, &c. * * * *

Short letter from dear Miss Lee; glad such *right views*. The Lord's people are to be found everywhere scattered. Love to all.

Your affectionate father.

St. M——, May 27, 1848.

I pray you may enjoy a happy Sabbath. All is well, if God be with us; but God must be *near* us. *Then* there is freedom from the coldness of formality—then it is the free-will offering of the heart!

Ever your affectionate father.

Pimlico, Sept. 14th, 1848.

BELOVED E——,

Thanks for your letter. Do not write too much, be abroad in the air, &c. The weather is very splendid—most favourable for you all; *with* a blessing, it will do you all good. I have been reflecting, this morning, for what little *spiritual* or *beneficial* good, as it relates to their fellow-men, *poets*, and orators, and philosophers, and men of bright and admired powers have lived. These were the men of *ten* talents, like Pope or Savage, &c. I speak *not* of Homer and Virgil; *they* were

also men of *ten* talents, but they knew not their Lord's will. Stripes to such shall be "few." No mighty *works* of power and *love* did they behold wrought before them; and those *works* mingled with *words* of balmy power and fragrant sweetness, and *perfect* goodness, and tender mercy; "Gracious words." Luke iv. 22; Matthew xi. 20 to 25.

Pope (to whom I referred above) has been dead 104 years. His works are still *read* and *praised*, for the display of *talent* and knowledge of man, and some fine lessons—but *there* it ENDS. Many volumes, not one of Redemption! Many thousands of lines, of fine *melodious* poetry, but where shall we find *Calvary*, or *Jesus*, or *hope to the sinner*, or *comfort to the saint?* * * *

Your ever-loving father.

P.S.—Persons do not *write* so legibly, and therefore not so eligibly as they did *last century*. See MS. of Matthew Henry and Philip Henry. Tell a *certain* divine *this*.

28th August, 1830.

I thank you much for your very acceptable and affectionate letter, and your kind congratulations; they were very pleasing to me. We spent my birth-day at C. P., entirely in business, and returned home in the evening tired, but happy.

I am not partial to "*keeping birth-days*," as it is called. Good Matthew Henry observes, that we read in the Scriptures but of *two* birth-days that were kept, and mischief occurred at both. It is quite well

and proper for the great, for State purposes, to have these things noticed, but *penitence* and *prayer* better suit us. Penitence that we have so little improved our time and talents, and done so little good; and prayer for renewed supplies of grace:—these are better than worldly festivities.

Your affectionate father.

At the close of another letter, he observes—

30th August, 1844.

May your Sabbath be pleasant, and replete with praise and joy. David felt this when he said, (Psalm xliii. 4) "*I will go to the altar of God, to God, my* EXCEEDING *joy,*" and with my lips will I *praise* Him, who is the God of my life.

Your affectionate father.

15th October, 1846.

BELOVED DAUGHTER,

The heading of this letter (a vignette of "the harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few") is as true now as 1800 years since. "*The field is the world,*" and few to reap it. God will raise up *native* teachers; Conversion not only new creates, but also qualifies for *whatever service* the Lord calls to. Christians in England have greatly failed in this behalf; Esther iv. 14, first part. O what glorious times will follow the present conflict between *Truth and Error!* We meditate too little on the second coming of our Lord—the day may be nearer than we suppose. The slumbers of the world, the apathy of the Church, the neglect of

prophecy, the resting in forms, the collisions of the nations, the heaving and convulsive movement of all classes, *these*, and many more circumstances, indicate that the time is near. Matthew xxiv. 29 to end; Luke xvii. 26 to end; 1 Peter iii. 20. Nevertheless, when the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth? May we, and all near and dear to us, be found "ready," prepared to use Isaiah xxv. 9, for ourselves.

The affection of all together to you, with those of your loving father, "both sides the valley."

Park Hill, Clapham.

Here I am, after an absence of four months. My daily mercies are innumerable. The grounds here are sweet and delightful. How delightful is *autumn!* I wonder not that it has employed the talents and fine powers of poets; I, even I, methinks, could write a few lines thereon; but how vain the thought, and how meagre the verses, whether pastoral, lyric, pindaric, rhyme or blank verse, after Thomson's "Autumn," Doddridge, Newton, Wesley; but I did once attempt, (see my hymn, Ranelagh Collection.) The revolving seasons tell us much of the goodness of God. We should ascend "from Nature up to Nature's God."

25th September, 1849.

MY VERY DEAR ELIZABETH,

May God greatly bless your visit in every sense, *then* the air will be balmy, the fields verdant, the autumn flowers gay, the smile of friends lovely, the dew pearly, all, *all* sweet, raising the mind and

heart above. The enclosed tells an *orphan's* loss. Miss Glen has now neither father nor mother. Poor girl, she has a GOD whom she loves, and whose praise I have often heard her, with melody and sweetness, sing in His house *here*, and *this* affliction is to fit her for His temple above! * *

Again—He writes to his eldest daughter, 1849:—

You require a *daily* letter; I am fully disposed to comply, but *how* or *where* shall I find *material?* The mere detail of weather would not do. The *record* of God's *daily* and *all-abounding* mercies, temporal and spiritual, is *sufficient.* "*They are new every morning!*" The memory must retain them, the heart cherish gratitude for them, and the tongue praise, and the *life speak.* I will partly fill this letter with *one* thought—the value and importance of an acquaintance (though slight) with *old divines and writers;* their names, when they lived, where they laboured, the works or *writings* which gave them celebrity and usefulness. Some French (*Protestant*) divines were fine fellows—*language, images, eloquence, energy,* strength of appeal. I was reading a sermon lately of *Cheminais* on Matthew vii. 14. I NEVER read anything equal to it. Love to every one.

Your affectionate father.

16th Sept., 1848.

I must send you a Sabbath letter—a few lines, which may raise your thoughts and your heart to Him who is "Lord of the Sabbath." See Dod-

dridge's sweet hymn (310 in his Collection), "Lord of the Sabbath, hear our vows." Read it. SABBATHS are precious gifts to us, to be *hereafter* accounted for. O, what an *item* in *all* our accounts! I have often read with delight good Moses Browne's "*Sunday Thoughts.*" He was vicar of Olney, predecessor of dear *Newton.* I have them; when you return, read them. My copy is the *fourth edition,* 1781. These lines are sweet:—

"Reverent hear
His message Christ's evangelist unfold,
Rejoic'd with fellow-saints: *One* homeward stage
Brought onward, happily, to native skies:
A *Sabbath journey,* in their way to heav'n."

You know, and R—— and A—— know, that I am ever

Your and their affectionate father.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS TO HIS YOUNGEST SON, FROM 1834 TO 1850.

"MY DEAREST SON,

"Your theme last week was a very pretty one. I do not wonder that *poetry* pleases the savage and the sage, the barbarian and the polite. 1. It employs the sweetest imagery with which Nature is conversant, and the Book of Nature is read by all. 2. It conveys either truth or fiction to the mind in strains of harmony. 3. It finds a corresponding power in every bosom, responding to its enchantments. 4. Great parts of the Holy Scriptures (especially Job, Psalms, and Prophets) were written

in poetry, and the Scriptures were designed for *all*, the *poor* and the *rude* as well as others."

In another letter he writes—"Cultivate, my dear son, a devotional spirit and temper. It is the balm of life, the parent of hope, the source of peace, the medium of temporal and spiritual blessings, the best preparation for ordinances, the healer of grief, the quieter of strife, the ornament of piety, the guard against Satan, the antidote of temptation, and, indeed, is the Alpha and Omega of the life of God in the soul of men.

"It is to be regretted that party spirit runs at present so strong. I pray for peace. My object is to get safe into port, and I find, from the advice of St. Peter, that this cannot be done without great diligence (all diligence.) Read 2 Peter i. 8—11. See the original allusion—ship entering into the harbour or port, not only safely, but *triumphantly*. I heartily wish good Archbishop Leighton had written on the second epistle of Peter as well as the first. *Inexpressibly beautiful!* I regret I have not digged deeper into these mines of wealth.

"We must, through life, leave everything to God. He does all things well. Pray, keep up *entire confidence*. Why should you doubt or fear? These are always opposed both to our comfort and success. That God who has been with me for nearly seventy years will take care of you. I like to address God in prayer thus—'GOD OF OUR FATHERS.' Read Isaiah xxvi. 3 and 4. I trust the God of wisdom and grace will be with you, and never fail nor forsake you."

Again he writes—"O the comfort derivable from that one view of all our cares and sorrows. They are *transient*—'like as a dream when one awaketh;' and, could we but believe that salutary doctrine, *they are* NECESSARY, the discipline intended to prepare for more enduring comfort. The righteous and his works are in the hand of God; I can find no repose but in this refuge. (Psalm ix. 9.) Here I would ever take shelter, as I must when I come to die. 'Lord, save me, or I perish!' Infinite love of God is a sweet theme, upon which the mind may contemplate for ever and ever. Elizabeth will fill up and conclude, but her conclusion will not be more acceptable than mine, when I tell you that I am your loving father till death.

"R. H. S."

"May Isaiah lv. 11 be fulfilled in your first sermons, and ever continue to attend all your public and private administrations.

"After HENRY, *Scott* shall bear, as he deserves, the palm; you will find '*Scott's* ESSAYS' the best body of divinity extant (for its size). The judgment of Scott was sound and clear, his piety ardent, his sentiments highly scriptural, his love of souls great, his impressions of eternity abiding.

"It was said of our blessed Lord, 'the common people heard Him gladly.' *Why? One reason*—He was understood by them. *Another*—He was kind to them and theirs. *Another*—He was always accessible to them. *Another*—His doctrine and His life agreed. *Another*—He used similitudes borrowed from nature and ordinary events. *Another*—

He spake much of heaven and eternity. Afflicted souls love to hear of heaven.

"I have been much impressed lately with the life of the *patriarchs*. 1. The entire simplicity of their *faith* and *trust* in God. 2. The *frequent* and sweet revelations of God in covenant with them. 3. The suitable providential supplies they enjoyed. 4. Their great comfort amidst afflictions, by living near God. 5. Their *habitual* communion with God. 6. The promptitude of their application to God in affliction or danger. 7. The *control* and *check* by which their enemies were restrained. 8. The salutary effect of their uniformly retaining a practical remembrance that they were strangers and sojourners. 9. Their evident preparedness, on *all occasions*, to listen to and obey God. 10. The tendency of their undissembled piety to influence heathens and idolaters. 11. The sustaining anticipations of the coming of Messiah. John viii. 56; Heb. xi. 8—23. 12. Their peaceful departure to a better world.

"'CHRIST *is all* and *in all*.' Coloss. iii. 11. He is so—1. In the works of creation. 2. In the great plan of covenant and redeeming mercy. 3. In the *Word* of God—prophecy, precept, promise. 4. In the institutions of Divine service — first, Mosaic law; secondly, Gospel services. 5. In the hope of the sinner. 6. In the experience of the believer. 7. In the worship of heaven.

"You will always find Deut. xxxiii. 25 literally fulfilled. If I were fond of rings, I would have this engraved on it; if I were fond of seals, I

would have this as a *motto;* if I were to select an inscription for a sepulchral stone, it should be this: —'As believers, our *post* is the watch-tower; our *privilege,* prayer; our *provision,* the promises.'

"Now 'my strength faileth,' my prayer is, '*O Lord, forsake me not.*'

"The Psalms are very, very sweet—so *full* of Gospel consolation and heavenly hope. I gave the people last evening an exhortation from Psalm cxix. 93.

"I have just begun again Lucas on 'Happiness' (he was a prebend); very clear and most excellent, well spoken of by *Doddridge* and *Orton;* the latter mentions having read it six times.

"How good and gracious God has been to me for *sixty-five* years! *Jacob's history,* and *avowal,* and *resolve,* suit *me.* Gen. xxviii. 16—22. *Samuel's pillar* and *motto* suit *me.* 1 Sam. vii. 12. *Paul's acknowledgment* suits *me.* Acts xxvi. 22, first part of the verse."

In *affliction,* he writes—"*All* is well which our God appoints, and will, *I am sure,* work well. *Patience, submission, prayer,* and *hope,* are in such cases demanded of us by our principles and prospects."

In 1840, when seized with illness, he writes—"What an unspeakable mercy to be found in Christ! He is our Refuge, our Ark, our All in All. Blessed be God for the Gospel, and its great truths and cheering hopes. What a mercy I can write and read, and that God has continued me, though most unworthy, in the ministry for *thirty-*

five years! My first sermon was preached at Maidenhead, March, 1805. 'Let the hearts of them rejoice that seek the Lord.'

"Esther iv. 14 is a good text. 1. The Church of God ever exposed to the machinations (evil devices) of its enemies. 2. Threatening perils may increase, and no *probable* way of deliverance. 3. The foes of the Church and religion may, for a time, prosper. 4. The safety and deliverance brought about by *most* surprising means. 5. Christians should be 'valiant for the truth' in such a time, &c.

"We are not worthy of the crumbs, yet are we 'fed with the finest of the wheat flour,' and 'satisfied with honey out of the Rock,' Christ. All fulness in Him, and sufficient for all!

"2 Cor. v. 20. Every minister should write this as a *motto* in the first page of his *Bible*, have it framed in his *study*, place it in the front of his *pulpit*, and make it the applicatory remark of many sermons, and pray that it may be engraved on the fleshy tables of the heart.

"Friendship, if based on kindred feelings and views, and cemented by Christian principles, practice, and prospects, is, after all, the great sweetener of life."

Christmas-day, 1840, he writes—"This day four years your dear uncle William entered into the joy of the Lord. His last words were—'*All is right.*'"

In another, he writes—"I long for you to read Brown's 'Life of James Hervey.' Such clear and scriptural views of the Gospel and the way of

salvation! These can only be the ground of peace and joy, bringing the soul in its *worst* state to receive Christ as made of God to sinners—wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. The following books were eminently useful, through a Divine blessing, to Hervey:—Marshal on 'Sanctification,' Jenks on 'Submission to Christ's Righteousness,' Rawlins on 'Justification,' Boston's 'Fourfold State,' Witsius on 'The Covenants.' There is none teacheth like God; dear Hervey richly experienced this. He was led in the right way, the way of peace."

Dec. 31st, 1841.—"What mercies have filled up this year! Oh! for gratitude and an obedient heart! I need not tell you and A—— that my heart and mind bid you a '*Happy new year.*' It *will* be so, for God is with you; keep close to *Him* in all things.

"I have been meditating upon 'the *exceeding great and precious promises.*' When we read the promises, and the Bible is full of them, we should ever associate them with *Divine faithfulness*—this will bring comfort and peace to us; '*He is faithful that hath promised.*' And what blessings hath He not promised to the *penitent* and the *believing?* Pardon, purity, peace, perseverance, heaven.

"*Hints for Teachers' Meetings.*—1. Value of the soul. 2. Brevity and uncertainty of all our opportunities. 3. Great reward—present and future. 4. Docility of youth, and readiness to learn. 5. Necessity of cultivating *personal* piety—children strict observers. While we teach lessons of *solem-*

nity, we must be far removed from *levity*. 6. Importance of unity and harmony among teachers, avoiding jealousy or pride. 7. Studying the Scriptures, specially the examples and histories of Scripture. 8. Great *punctuality essential* — keeping time. 9. Asking children the *text* and outlines of sermons, &c. &c.

"I trust and pray that you may go to St. Margaret's with a Divine blessing, then all will be well. Prov. x. 22; Jer. xlv. 5. How greatly we *mistake* in our views of *usefulness* and *happiness*, and therefore we ERR in our plans, pursuits, and pleasures. It is *good* to refer all to God, and to wait His time, and *follow* where He leads.

"It is well often to read and mark passages from the lives and last hours of holy and *devout* men. The last part of HERVEY'S life—rather, the death-bed scene—I have quoted many times, always *new* and *melting*. '*Precious salvation!*'

"How very affecting the death of the Rev. Z. Biddulph is! The Lord's ways towards His servants are *mysterious*. How many faithful men who, apparently, could ill be spared, have been called home—'*hid within the ark!*'

"I was meditating this morning (8th April, 1843) on the regret occasioned in the review of life, by the '*loss*, or *rather the misimprovement of opportunities of doing or obtaining good.*' The longer or more extended such review, the more numerous are these opportunities, now *for ever gone!* The Scriptures frequently refer to this subject, to awaken our attention. Psalm lxxxi. 13—16. It is

one of the sources of grief to my own mind, that I have done so little for God, and misimproved so much time. One of the excellent essays of McEwen is full to the point. Our Lord's words I would take as my motto. John ix. 4. In *this view*, how vast is the value of *one Sabbath!* You will preach to some one to-morrow, you may never more address. Let no sermon be without Christ and His cross."

Again, 24th May, 1843. "It is very useful to REVIEW.—See Deut. viii. David *often* did so. —See Psalms. Always does good, melts the heart, lays us low. I have a long review, much to be humbled for; only refuge is the cross.

"I have been refreshed by reading in *The Christian Observer*, vol. xxix., 1829, an account of the late Mrs. Mortlock, who died August 24th, 1828, in her forty-third year. I cannot tell you how it elevated my thoughts, and comforted me. It is most sweet to read the lives of the saints, and how God carried them through the swellings of Jordan. The account of her *brother and sister*, two other of the children of the Rev. Basil Woodd, is inserted in *The Christian Observer*, 1811, 1817. The *Observer* contains some very precious articles, which repay the looking after. Mrs. Mortlock repeated a sweet hymn of dear Doddridge, a few days before her death. The first verse is as follows:—

'O Thou who hast redemption wrought,
Patron of souls thy blood hath bought,
To Thee my spirit I commit,
Mighty to rescue from the pit.'

"To *me*, it is *always* pleasant to hear from beloved friends; there is something that seems to remind one of that blessed state where the intercourse shall be unbroken and eternal. It would be a dark and dreary world without friends and children, and a still darker without the promise and the prospect of a better and a happier state.

"*The Rectory of Valehead* is a beautiful little book; it is rich in Gospel truth and Christian experience. I always approved it, but my present perusal has endeared it to me. I have found much comfort in it.

"The Sabbath! What a merciful appointment TO ALL! 'The poor man's day.' You remember the most beautiful sonnet of Bernard Barton, on the Sabbath. The last stanza is fine. *See page* 38.

> 'Foretastes of heaven on earth; pledges of joy,
> Surpassing fancy's flights and fiction's story;
> The prelude of a feast that cannot cloy,
> And the bright out-courts of immortal glory.'"

"Nov. 2nd, 1844.—This day, 1787, good Bishop Lowth died, aged seventy-seven. His countenance (portrait) shows Heaven expectant and Heaven enjoyed by foretaste. He passed through tribulation to the kingdom. The *sudden* death of his amiable daughter, at Fulham, while at tea, deeply affected him.

"All other attainments, if true wisdom be wanting, are splendid baubles; leave the soul at last void, and are at present strong incentives to pride —a *barrier* in the way to the kingdom. Our Lord's sermons and teachings are full to this issue;

plain, clear, *conclusive.* Oh, that we sat at His feet, like *Mary!* We *read* His words; she *heard* them, received them, loved them, obeyed them. This was her choice. Her will was divinely influenced. She *now* rejoices in Heaven, in her unalienable portion, nor shall it *ever* be taken from her."

"Feb. 20th, 1845.—This day, 1818, your dear grandfather, my beloved father, died, aged eighty. His life was chequered (whose is not?) His end was peace. How soon have twenty-seven years passed! My dear mother died June, 1817. They had been married *fifty-nine years.*"

June 17th, 1846.—"As your dear friends are with you, you must regard *this* as a general letter, written with a humble desire to benefit *all.* We have no want of a *theme* for either *thought* or *praise.* David said well, 'I will meditate upon all thy works, and praise thy name.' The *past* and the *present,* yea, the *future,* afford abundant matter for gratitude and love to God. He has led and fed us all our life with exhaustless bounty and unfailing love. *He* has supplied our every need. *Then* the *present*—our lives still spared, our table still spread, our comforts (how many!) still continued, our limbs, and faculties, and senses. Oh, what mercy! Then the *future*—it is veiled from us; but God's gracious and faithful PROMISE *includes* it. The Bible throughout is a book of promise to believers. Every doctrine, duty, example, incorporates this sentence: *Say ye to the righteous, that it shall be well with him.*"

"Jan. 27th, 1846.—Of how vast importance is a steady adherence to 'the oracles of God.' 1 Pet. iv. 11. This text, I think, will apply generally to the *converse (speaking)* of all Christians, as well as to ministers. The exhortation is universal, 'Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly, &c.' *All* the inspired writers are *uniform* in their testimony to the *value* of Holy Scriptures, and are harmonious in their celebration of its praise. I review a life of seventy-one years; take sixty years of it—the last sixty. I see that all my blunders, errors, &c. have, each and every one, proceeded from refusing to take this *pilot* on board my frail bark; rejecting this *guide* in my pilgrimage through the wilderness; neglecting this *umpire* in difficult and doubtful cases; inattentive to this VOICE amidst the clamours of a bustling world; and closing my eyes, or directing them to other points, instead of observing the *golden* letters which are inscribed on the *cross*—not only in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, but for ALL nations and languages, and tongues and people to *observe*—'I am the WAY, the TRUTH, and the LIFE.'

"Your ever affectionate father,

"R. H. S."

TO HIS YOUNGEST SON.

Oct. 7, 1848.

What should we do without the Sabbath? We do *not* value our mercies, either temporal or spiritual, according to their *worth*, and how they *contrast* with our unworthiness! Specially does this apply to the *Sabbath*. Tell your people so, and that in

thirty years they have had 1,560 Sabbaths, and have heard, or might have heard 1,560, perhaps 3,120 sermons! I was reflecting how differently a minister would preach if he could revisit his flock from another state — from Heaven. 1. What earnestness. 2. What abstraction from self and ambition. 3. What ardour in speaking of Jesus and the great salvation. 4. What glowing love for souls—their worth—their redemption, &c. Let ministers realize this thought; Paul *did*, as is evident from his epistles. These LETTERS of the Apostle should be OFTEN read by ministers; they will instruct, guide, reprove, comfort, encourage, and correct our errors.

TO THE SAME.

Oct. 28, 1848.

This is the Sabbath letter to encourage you. 1. The Divine promises — here they are: Isaiah lviii. 13,14; Nahum i. 15; 2 Cor. iii. 6—10; Isaiah lv. 10 and 11. 2. *Past* experience. 3. History of the Church. 4. The Divine glory secured by weakest means. 5. Gospel seed lays under ground *long time*—sure to *spring up* and bring forth fruit. 6. Not at your own charge, or commission. 7. Scripture parables full of this. Matt. xiii. 8. The great *(inconceivably great)* reward following the conversion of ONE *soul* (glory, joy, crown). 1 Thess. ii. 19 and 20. 9. *Future* intercourse with souls (saved by our feeble instrumentality) in Heaven.

TO THE SAME.

Nov. 4, 1848.

There is *one* view of the Sabbath to my mind peculiarly interesting: it is a PAUSE in our journey, in our *days*, in our daily duties, and *ought to be* a pause in our *anxious* cares.

I find in the *Diaries* of good people (Christ's disciples) the *Sabbath* has ever been *sweet to them;* witness the life of dear *Williams* of *Kidderminster*, and *many other* records of autobiography. May your dear *wife* and *flock* have a blessed pause,—

1. Of *review* — look at "the way-marks" and "Ebenezers," and monuments of God's love, and your preservation from sin and evil, and the obligations under which you are placed, &c. 2. Of renewed penitence. 3. Of unreserved consecration. 4. Of practical gratitude. 5. Of fulfilment of Sabbath duties. 6. Of rich enjoyment. 7. Of spiritual improvement.

ONE soul instructed—converted—comforted—built up—warned—excited to good—brought nearer to God. Here are seven jewels in the faithful minister's crown.

TO THE SAME.

Nov. 25, 1848.

It is in the Divine blessing on means many would despise, or at least think but little of, that the power of God appears! Oh! how the Church forgets, the world forgets, *all* that has reference to God and

eternity. Psalm lii. 7. What is written? 1 Cor. i. 17—31. This paragraph ought OFTEN to be read *to and by* good people; it is PRACTICALLY oblivious! See also Ps. viii. 2; Isaiah xxix. 14; Jer. viii. 9. The Bible is *full* of THIS great and forgotten *truth*, that God is and will be *All in All.* 1. To take away boasting from the creature. 2. To exercise faith. 3. To lead to prayer. 4. To dismiss fears from the mind of the believers. 5. To teach a *great lesson* to the unbelieving world. 6. To fulfil His promises. 7. To call for our daily and lofty praise.

TO THE SAME.

December 2, 1848.

I am unwilling you should be without a word of *advice, encouragement, and comfort* on the *Sabbath* morning. In our present state we need *every help*, and you believe and have found true, Prov. xii. 25; xv. 23; xxv. 11. *Advice we must ask of God in prayer*, and seek—1. From Scriptures. 2. From Christian friends. 3. From history and examples of others. 4. From narrowly watching the movements of our own hearts, and examining our *thoughts*, *motives*, and *desires*.

Encouragement is provided for us—1. In the paternal character of God. How oft is He set before us as "OUR FATHER?" 2. In the infinite love and work of Christ "*all things*" are given the people with Christ, Rom. viii. 32; 1 Cor. iii. 21—23. 3. In the gracious and sanctifying influence of the Holy Spirit, Philip. i. 6. 4. In our past and gratefully recorded experience. 5. In our foretastes

of Heaven—*Comfort*, first, from word and promise of God, Heb. vi. 17, to end. Secondly, from the salutary nature of our afflictions.

"The sorrows of departed years
Bring joys unknown before;
And soul-refreshing are the tears
O'er wounds that bleed no more."

Thirdly, from the brevity of all things here. Fourthly, happy prospect of the saints. 2 Thess. ii. 16, 17.

Take notes of events. If I were young, I would begin a DIARY—a *general* diary; mingling its records with the feelings of the heart. R. H. S.

TO HIS YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.

Pimlico, Jan. 11, 1842.

MY VERY DEAR SARAH,

You have heard, no doubt, of the death of poor E. Temple, on Sunday evening, leaving seven children! What a lesson is this event to all her relatives and friends! It is just twenty-one years since I fetched *her* and her sister *Harriet* from Basingstoke, then healthy lasses, now no more, while *I*, like a shattered oak, am still left to bear the storms of this life. God give us grace and strength to do and suffer His will.

Your ever affectionate father.

11, Chatham Place, May 24, 1844.

To-morrow, the 25th of May, you must set up your *Ebenezer* of praise to God for His great

goodness in preserving your life in your sad fall (nine years ago.) You should remember *this* day every year. *Many* have been called from time to eternity by a less severe fall and blow. God will take care of you, and bless you and all yours to the end.

Ever your loving father.

Pimlico, March 3, 1846.

MY DEAR SARAH,

We all feel *very* much for dear Mrs. Woollard. She has, indeed, been often in the furnace of affliction! God will comfort and support her. This is a sore trial, to lose her last dear little boy, now six years old; but God has taken him to a world where sorrow and sin are unknown. See how we are all from time to time tried, "in *mind, body, and estate.*" There is a "*needs be*" for it; our poor worldly hearts require rousing and made spiritual, and these voices are all in one tone, "*Arise, and depart,* THIS *is not your rest!*" Through our dear and adored Saviour may we ALL gather together at last around His throne!

Your ever affectionate father.

Pimlico, March 25, 1847.

MY DEAR SARAH,

Give our united love to dear O——, and say *we* wish him many peaceful (that is, happy) returns of this day. He has past * * * years in a sinful

and suffering world! God has most wonderfully led him on his way. He has often prayed as David did, Psalm lxxiii. 24; and God *has* and will yet answer his prayers, and bless him and his household. Gen. xviii. 19. We had a peaceful day of REVIEW and recollection, and I hope of penitence and prayer, *yesterday*. May our gracious God accept a nation's prayers. Receive our love.

Your ever affectionate father.

Pimlico, May 25, 1846.

The memory of God's great goodness to us should be cherished, and *especial* mercies received with gratitude and love to Him who upholds us in life. It was on the 25th of May, 1835, you were so mercifully preserved from the fatal effects of a sad fall in Palace-street. May your ever gracious God still preserve you, your dear husband, and your sweet little ones, in every danger; and at last may we ALL meet in Heaven. It was also May 25th, 1822, that dear Sarah Cooke died at Palace-street.

Your loving father.

TO HIS BROTHER WILLIAM.

Pimlico, 15th Sept., 1835.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

I have now to record to you a MOST marvellous instance of the Divine goodness and protection, in preserving my life when on the very verge of death. "*Praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not this, and all his benefits.*"

On Tuesday last, September 8th, a friend was

driving me in a one-horse chaise for a little air—a very valuable horse, and very steady. When just ten miles from home, near Kingston in Surrey, the horse *fell* in a moment, and I was thrown out with a most violent concussion. The wheel went entirely over my *right* leg; my head was bruised, and my left hand injured and sprained. I was immediately brought home in a coach, and sent for a surgeon, under whose care I have been ever since. The great mercy was my life was spared, and my leg, though severely wounded, *not* broken. May the residue of my days be entirely given to God. Our united love to *all.*

Your affectionate brother.

TO HIS NIECE, HANNAH SHEPHERD.

9, Palace-street, Christmas-day, 1840.

MY DEAR NIECE,

It is four years, this day, since your dear and venerable father entered into his "*rest,*" and into the joy of the Lord! Your affectionate and duteous spirit oft thought upon him during the day—and *so did I;* dear soul, he had a stormy passage, but a *peaceful* haven. All was well in the end, Psalm xxxvii. 37. Oh, to be prepared to *follow* him! You are the child of *many prayers,* and it must afford you unspeakable comfort to know how greatly you administered to your dear father's comfort for *many years,* and to his *death!* I could not let the day pass without writing a few lines to you. You possess the *love* and *respect* of all here. Your loving uncle.

TO THE SAME.

Pimlico, July 13, 1841.

I pray for a calm and thankful frame of mind, and that all my afflictions may be sanctified. I have been preaching lately from Romans viii. 18, on Lord's-day mornings. I have preached seven sermons from this text. I have not yet finished. I often think upon you, and pray for you.

Your affectionate uncle.

Pimlico, Dec. 21, 1841.

It is five years, on Saturday next, since my dear brother entered the *rest* to *us* remaining, by him *possessed!* O what a change to the suffering saint! The days of mourning ENDED! I remember your dear father writing me an affecting account of the death of your sister *Lydia,* and of the comfort she enjoyed, when near Heaven, from the following verse:—

"The pain of life shall then be o'er,
The anguish and distressing care;
There sighing grief shall weep no more,
And sin shall never enter there."

Can you tell me if there is an account of Lydia in the "Methodist Magazine," and *when?* There *should* have been a long memoir of my brother, who was fifty years in the Connexion.

All blessings attend *you,* and *all* at Banbury. Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied with you.

Your affectionate uncle.

TO THE SAME.

Pimlico, Jan. 29, 1842.

I *delight* in preaching Christ to poor sinners. It is thirty-seven years since I first preached at Chelsea, May, 1805, from Psalm xxxvii. 11. Would that I had served my dear Saviour with greater fervour and zeal! *Meditate much* upon heaven, my dear Hannah, and the happy state of departed saints! It soothes the mind, and prepares for communion with God. God bless and comfort you. Your ever affectionate uncle.

Pimlico, Sept. 21, 1844.

All our maladies are intended for good, to wean us from this vain and dying world, and direct our desires and hopes to a better. That sweet hymn in your book *often* comforts me, "*Come let us join our friends above;*" and when *darkness* and *difficulties* are in my way, I read that hymn of yours, "*But who sufficient is to lead.*" My love to every one. Your affectionate uncle.

Pimlico, April 22, 1845.

It must have been a painful visit to you at Oxford. I hope dear *Mary's* mind is savingly enlightened, and her heart brought in penitence and faith to *Christ; then* all will be well. She is sincere and humble; but we must be brought to the feet of *Christ,* in unfeigned penitence and faith, and become as little children.

Your affectionate uncle.

TO MR. AND MRS. DOWNING.

Pimlico, Dec. 24. 1842.

Thanks, my dear friends, for your kind remembrance of us: it is agreeable in old age to live in the memory of those with whom we have travelled so *many years* in the wilderness. May we, and *all ours*, in God's time, which is always best, reach the heavenly Canaan, and join the company gone before. *This* year, as it appears to me, has been remarkably and unusually filled with great and important lessons, to teach us the entire vanity and worthlessness of all and every thing without God. The salvation, the peace, and *resting-place* of the soul, is Christ only. Forms will avail us little; but to "be found in Christ," Philippians iii. 9, will render us happy, and secure us from *all* evil. Our united and kind love to Mrs. D., and the dear children. God Almighty bless them, and keep them in His faith, fear, and love.

Your old and faithful friend.

TO MR. DOWNING.

Pimlico, Dec. 24. 1844.

My dear Sir,

I thank you for your kind remembrance of us at this joyful season: our years swiftly pass, and the affectionate recollection of old friends is peculiarly acceptable. I now enter the thirty-second year of the service of God in Chelsea! The review is calculated deeply to humble me, and lay me in the dust! What mercies, what patience, what help from God; and how undeserving am I altogether!

The future I would leave with Him who does all things well: my "strength is to sit still." One of my errors and faults (sins) through life has been *undue anxiety.* My prayer *is,* and ever must be, "God be merciful to me a sinner." God has led you, my dear friend, "by a right way," though the path has been at intervals rough and trying; yet, you and yours may, at this—yea, at all seasons say, "Hitherto the Lord has helped us!" And doubt not but that He will be with you to the end, and give you a seed to serve Him in future generations. God bless you and yours in all things. Our united and affectionate regards.

Yours, my dear Sir, very faithfully.

Pimlico, June 6, 1846.

My dear Mrs. D——,

Twenty-three years have passed away since you lost your beloved father, and myself lost in his removal an old and valued friend! May the *review* and *remembrance* of this day be very useful to you.

Interested, as I necessarily was, in your temporal and spiritual welfare, from the hour your dying parent left you in my charge alone, it has often yielded me, and it still yields me comfort, to recal the way in which God has led you. You are happily united to one who has feared God, and served Him many years—whose one great and unceasing desire has been your salvation, and your comfort and enjoyment. These are not ordinary bestowments, or matters of course; you should see

the hand of God in all. Then also your dear children—*two* beloved and most amiable daughters —*more* than amiable—walking in the truth as it is in Jesus.

My affectionate regards to all. Believe me, as I was the friend of your dear father, so also that I am your old and now feeble and toil-worn friend.

Pimlico. Aug. 2nd, 1846.

My dear Miss D——,

Most sincerely and affectionately do I congratulate you on the return of your birthday. How swiftly have * * * years flown! I pray our ever gracious God to enrich you with His blessing. You know *that* is the *best* and only enduring portion; and *your own prayer* for it will be acceptable to your heavenly Father, and assuredly obtain the desired gift. 2 Chron. i. 7 to 13; 1 Chron. iv. 10. Do not, my dear young friend, suppose that either your mamma, yourself, or sister, because "out of sight, are out of mind." I include you, together with your papa and brother, in my poor prayers; that, like the family of Bethany, you may *all* be the objects of the Saviour's love, and meet at length in His kingdom! I cannot desire anything better for you, can I? I cannot expect to be long here: it is a source of comfort to me to have been so long spared, and that I was permitted to fulfil *(though so imperfectly)* my duty, as the guardian of your dear mamma. Receive our united and most affectionate regards.

Ever your sincere friend.

TO MRS. WOOLLARD.

Pimlico, March 2nd, 1846.

MY DEAR NIECE,

I felt very deeply the tidings of the death of your affectionate and dear little Owen. Sweet lamb, he is early gathered into his Saviour's fold! O, what has he escaped of sorrow and of sin! I would not say to you, grieve not; nature and nature's *best* feelings grieve—grace and resignation whisper, murmur not. No. Could you know his present unchanging blessedness and glory, you would be well supported, and only desire to be with Christ and your dear boy; which is better, far better, than all and everything here. Our prayers, and sympathy and love are yours.

Your affectionate uncle.

TO J. TAPLIN, ESQ.

September 28th, 1848.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

O what a debt we owe to God! I feel that the verse which refers to *Hezekiah* applies to *me*. 2 Chron. xxxii. 25. "O to grace how great a debtor daily I'm constrained to be." I preached four sermons, on four successive Sabbaths, to the same church and flock, from 2 Thess. ii. 16, 17. These *two* verses contain all we need. Do read them, and open them to the *next* sick person you visit. What words are these, "*God, even our Father;*" the "Lord Jesus Christ *Himself*"—the love of God and Christ to "US" the Good Hope through Grace — the Comfort — the Establishment — the

Word — (sound doctrine — holy converse) — the Work (holy working)—the EVERLASTING Consolation, to crown all. Love sincere and cordial to all.

Yours in Christ Jesus.

TO THE SAME.

December 1st, 1847.

DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIEND,

Your letters (always welcome) often remind me of the way and the fare of a wayfaring man! Chequered. *Light* (joy and peace); *dark*, (needed and needful affliction). So it will be to the end—but at the evening-time it will be *all* light! It is *sown* for the righteous, and *then* it will bloom and bear fruit. The "*joy unspeakable*," of which Peter speaks. *Now* the foretaste, *then* the fruition. David designates it "the fulness of joy."

Ever yours affectionately.

TO THE SAME.

November 19th, 1846.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Your letters show a mind and heart at *peace with God through Christ*, and tell that you fully realise, in your expectations, Psalm xxxii. 1, 2. May you enjoy much of the Divine presence till Psalm xvii. 15 comes to pass. The state of Tahiti is most distressing, it ought not so to be.

Last evening I preached at Great Queen Street Chapel; my text was Acts ix. 6, "*Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?*" *An all-important inquiry*

for all times—all ages—all conditions—all circumstances. The instances of death you narrate are very affecting. How God is calling one and another from our families, our circles, our *Churches.* The Lord bless you and all your dear family.

Ever yours faithfully, in the best bonds.

TO THE SAME.

December 7th, 1846.

My dear Christian Friend,

The work of the Lord has not at all *abated* with my years, (I am seventy-two.) Oh no; as dear James Hervey said, when near glory, "Let me still speak—Precious salvation, precious salvation." I preached yesterday from 2 Chron. xxxii. 25; "Hezekiah rendered not again, &c."

Yours obediently and faithfully.

TO MRS. BUNCE.

July 18th, 1843.

My dear Mrs. Bunce,

I write to tell you of the departure of my very dear and *only* sister, on Sunday last, the 16th, aged 73. She died, I trust, in the Lord; only ill six days. Now I am left the last of nine, one brother and seven sisters. All removed. Oh! to be ready and waiting! What a *reality* is true religion—what a *vanity* ALL beside!

Always yours faithfully.

TO MR. AND MRS. BUNCE.

August 10. 1842.

To part with children calls forth deep feeling and emotion. On such occasions we do *not* leave them as they us—no, we are "*parted from them*," *implying reluctance*. I have often admired those sweet, spirit-stirring words, Luke xxiv. 31, (just read them;) it is not said, Jesus *left* his disciples and ascended. No; "while he blessed them he was *parted* from them." "Blessed Jesus," "bless" my dear friends at O——; "bless" their dear DAUGHTER and *son*, recently united to loving partners, chosen by their hearts, and smiled upon by their parents; "bless" these their dear life-companions; "bless" their remaining son; and "bless" their loving but unworthy friend,

R. H. S.

January 31st, 1843.

MY DEAR MRS. BUNCE,

I am literally *tired* of public life—52 years since I commenced (I was then 16), and my work has been unceasing since 1790. But what mercies! Health unbroken for many, many years! I hope my poor services are not entirely unblest, but I am ashamed! I ought to have been a towering cedar, and am a lowly shrub. Tell my very dear old friend that he will be sure to find the *whole* of the 91st Psalm true to himself.

Yours very faithfully.

TO THE REV. J. BUNCE.

May 6th, 1842.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,

It is, I assure you, a solace to me to write to dear old friends. I love to meditate upon the "olden time." I do not wonder at the pathetic and touching language of Job, xxix. 2—7. Well, by-and-by we hope to spend an eternity with our early friends, and join the fold *into* which no enemy enters, and *from* which no friend departs. * * *

Ever yours most affectionately.

TO OLD HUMPHREY.

June 30th, 1842.

MY DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIEND,

How deeply and truly did my heart feel the recital of your sorrows! My sympathy, dear friend, was awakened by the calls and claims of friendship and other circumstances. What shall we say?—shall we repine? No. Shall we distrust *our* God? No. Shall we question either the *wisdom* or the LOVE of the dispensation? No. Shall we doubt for one moment a *good, gracious,* and glorious issue? No; ALL WILL BE WELL. Two books (but the *Bible,* the *Bible* is our all!) I would commend to you: Thompson's (of Coldstream, N.B.) "Consolation for Christian Mourners," and "Disce Mori; Learn to Die," by Dr. Sutton, 1626, (new ed.), Parker. An *extraordinary* work. I bought it in April, and have read it over and over again, and keep it on my study-table, and read a bit and bit daily.

All here send *sympathy*, and offer prayer for you to "the *Father of Mercies* and *God of* ALL *comfort.*"

Ever your faithful friend and servant.

TO THE SAME.

July 21st, 1842.

How is my dear and valued friend, and how are all with him, *especially* the sufferer? My heart must be either advancing in tenderness, or the world in sadness and woe, for I am low, and cast down, beyond my wont. THIS *is wrong;* have we not the same *God* as aforetime? Mal. iii. 6; Lam. iii. 22; Heb. xiii. 8. Thus it is written, and thus it must be. Just began reading Hervey for the hundredth time.

You have read Hervey's "Theron and Aspasio?" Very sweet—nectar—fine mind—chaste, classic—beautiful descriptions of nature, providence, and grace—captivating—REPLETE *with comfort!* Do persuade your daughter to read it, *or* read a little and a little to *her;* it takes away our unbelieving and *gloomy* thoughts and *objections.* Satan must have been wroth when Hervey wrote this precious book. It is always new to me, like the *verdure* and *fragrance* and *life* of SPRING after winter; like sunbeams after storms; like friendship's sweets after "the battle of the warrior;" like the smile of love after the contentions of anger;—what else? why 'tis like HOME after a toilsome journey, or a perilous voyage, &c.

Ever yours faithfully.

TO THE SAME.

September 5th, 1842.

My dear Friend,

I have just now opened and read your affecting letter; it would ill accord with my feelings and my friendship, if I permitted my thoughts or my pen to be occupied otherwise than in conveying to you our *deep* and true sympathy; and we shall mingle your sorrows and your dear daughter's joys with our offerings at the altar this evening—and not *then* only, but shall *frequently* and most affectionately remember *you* and all *with you.* The light of the Divine countenance shed a soft and refreshing ray across these dark pathways; they are the way to Zion—to the Redeemer—to glory—to departed saints—*to your daughter.*

Ever most faithfully yours.

TO THE SAME.

7th December, 1843.

My dear Friend,

Long time since I heard from you; don't deserve a letter—quite true; "If *we all* had our deserts, who would escape a whipping?" (old writer.) The enclosed scrap, some few have scraped into a scrap book, since I printed it. Hymn (Logan's)* very fine. I wrote mine as a *foil.* Now, as to *Logan's,* if you can hoist and foist it into one of —— books, by *hook* or by crook, and somehow

* "Almighty Father of mankind,
On Thee my hopes remain, &c."

hedge and wedge it in, it *may do good.* Excuse this. How glad should we all be to see you! Why? because we regard you, and you would edify us, and because I am Your faithful friend.

TO THE SAME.

October 30th, 1843.

My dear Friend,

Well, and how do you fare in body and soul? It is told of Paul that he visited the Churches, *i.e.*, the *saints* collectively (Article 19, Church of England) to see how they did; Acts—(I have forgot the chapter and verse, but you can ask "Cruden" which it is). This shows his *affectionate* concern for them—his amiability as a man, and his concern for them as a Christian minister and an apostle. *So* it *should* be with us; so it is in some parts, places, and pastorates; but, alas! London—the great metropolis!—the leviathan! on which we cannot sail from side to side!—"The Rapids"—the vast wilderness—the absorbing principle. To men of industry and talent (like G. M.), to men *trying* to do a little good (like R. H. S.), crying "Give, give," *i. e.* "Work, work," it is well if, like the Egyptian "officials," they do not *add,* "Ye are idle, ye are idle." Well, the resting time will come. My text last evening, Heb. iv. 9, has often proved to be a balm, and acted with talismanic power. "*Remaineth*" to come, but sure to the *people of God.* May we and ours (*all,* not a hoof be left behind) be numbered (counted) with them.

Always yours faithfully, in best bonds.

TO THE SAME.

Feb. 17, 1846.

"Set thee up *way*-marks."—Jer. xxxi. 21.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

So this is your natal day! To have passed * * * years in a world of sin and suffering, preserved by the upholdings of Divine care; to have enjoyed peace and quietness in a world of strife, schism, and sophistry, in the possession of truth, of unity, and godly love; to have spent nearly threescore springs —sixty summers, autumns, and winters, amidst beloved friends, heart-endeared, and soul-refreshing relatives; and, in this ever changing scene, to have been preserved *from* and *in* storms and floods, and the insidious contagion of miasma and pestilential atmosphere — ADDISON'S *unparalleled* hymn will come in here:—

"When *all* thy mercies, O my God!" &c., &c.

You can easily compose, and write, and sing a psalm, as David did, and you can close each and every stanza thus, "FOR HIS MERCY ENDURETH FOR EVER." Pray forgive and excuse this letter (*not* lecture.) No. I have need to come to thee!

You know that you are written in an elevated position on the scroll of friends of one most unworthy, that is, R. H. S.

TO THE SAME.

Nov. 14, 1846.

MY DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIEND,

The post this evening conveyed to me your welcome letter. I thought upon the Philippians and Epa-

phroditus, (Phil. ii. 26.) We are grieved to learn by your letter that you have been sick, though not "nigh unto death," as that saint, yet, in soul, in the same work, (See v. 30.) Now, the reading that part of your letter referring to your illness awakened in my mind and heart a sense of the deficiency (want of) "a tract" or "paper," (tract preferable by far) on—

1. Christian Sympathy.
2. Suitable Remembrance of the Afflicted.
3. A Christian's Duty to the Sick and Afflicted.
4. One that comforteth the Mourners.
5. The Valley of Achor, a Door of Hope.
6. A Stay and Staff for Burden-bearers.
7. Green Pastures after Thorny and Rugged Paths.

Something of this sort. Your fertile mind and flowing thoughts, and fragrant words and friendly heart will be at no loss here; you have always a noble bearing to the afflicted, and your gear is ever right royal; not the embroidered mantle (robe) only, but the golden sceptre held forth to the fearing and the doubting. Oh! the example of our adored Lord in this behalf! "*Jesus wept.*" What words!

Receive our regards.

Ever your unworthy friend,

R. H. S.

P.S.—An essay *in* a magazine or periodical is soon forgotten; it goes down into irrecoverable oblivion, like *corks* in a stream; but a tract *lives*

in the memory, on the counter, in the tract-distributor's list, &c., *like* a *perennial* fountain, an ever-flowing spring, a river's source, not like Job's *brook*. See Job vi. 15.

TO THE SAME.

January 25, 1848.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Your kind letter, replete with Christian sympathy and Gospel brightness, like the Angel of Hope, has refreshed me; *thank* you. Prov. xv. 23. How often was Bunyan's "Pilgrim" cheered and encouraged by some earthly or unearthly visitant and word. God speaks to men "in various ways and divers manners." Among his loving means, he employs friends, to remind us that there *are* some on earth that love those that love Him, who are the types of heavenly friends—the perfected just. Come and see us when darkness and cold have passed, and though not the voice of the turtle, yet the singing of birds will be heard in our land.

Ever dear friend in all truth.

TO THE SAME.

October 29, 1849.

DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIEND,

Long time since we had (the favour of) a letter or a line from you; all wonder, all disappointed. * * * Well, now I *humbly* suggest a subject for a *tract*, or a paper, or verses, (like the "Squire," &c.)

with this heading, "*It is best to say nothing,*" from the following incident which occurred *yesterday*:—

I was walking home from church and met a friend; we conversed a *few* minutes, and he invited me to attend a Committee of some importance, where all are not of one mind. I replied, "If I come I may do mischief." He replied, "*It is best to say nothing.*" A person who knew me, but whom I did not know, said, when she reached her home, "I passed old Mr. S., who was talking to a gentleman; the gentleman said, '*It is best to say nothing.*'" Really, this is a good maxim. I am *not* an advocate for sulky taciturnity, but I am an enemy to obtrusive loquacity. * * * *

Your unworthy friend.

TO THE SAME.

February 18, 1850.

VERY DEAR FRIEND,

Yesterday was your birth-day; you have our best wishes and *prayers* for your *continued usefulness.* The *past* is full of encouragement and *hope* for the *future.*

"He who has brought *us* hitherto,
Will help us all our journey through;
And give us daily cause to raise
New Ebenezers to His praise."

I will give you two or three mottoes for papers. "*Do not put it off.*" "*Is he any relative of yours?*"

"*Well, I wish I had not gone.*" "*I did not think before I said yes.*" And the motto of the Marquis of Aylesbury's arms, "*Think and thank.*"

Ever yours faithfully.

TO MISS F. REDHEAD.

September 24, 1846.

My dear Miss Redhead,

Yes, "the communion of saints" is not only an article in the Creed, but it is in reality enjoyed partially here, and will be fully shared by all the followers of the Lamb hereafter! Dear Mrs. F. has our heart-sympathy and prayers,—"*The Lord liveth.*" If you have not read a small work, "The Night of Weeping," pray read it, by Horatius Bonar.

Your affectionate friend in Christ.

January 5, 1847.

My dear Miss Redhead,

I wish I had more marks of salvation than the *few* I have, but among the few I think—I hope—I have this one—*unfeigned love to the people of God.* I feel a strong love towards many I have never seen of the Lord's family. 1 John ii. 10, iii. 14. I have a sincere regard to yourself, and to dear Mrs. F. (your endeared mother), and those of your circle with whom I have corresponded. We may, perhaps, not meet on earth, and *yet I think we shall.* The wonders of Divine Providence are past our scrutiny,—"*as for God, His work is perfect.*" I have lost a beloved nephew, aged forty-three, leaving

seven children, who are now orphans, having lost their mother in 1842; and although there is worldly provision, yet money will not buy parental love, —"a *mother's* love, that knows no fall,"—a FATHER'S love, and care, and counsel, and the PRAYERS of both.

Your affectionate friend.

In a letter to Miss R. he forwards one of his hymn books, and a list of the hymns written by himself. It is inserted that the readers of this Memoir, who are in possession of the "Ranelagh Hymns," may be able to refer to those which were composed by him. He writes:—"Perhaps, Hymn 58 is one of the best, though all poor."

Nos. 23, 24, 57, 58, 112, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 186, 187, 192, 199, 211, 225, 244, 276, 277, 288, 289, 344, 376, 440, 447, 554, 576, 714, 732, 733, 734, 735.

February 13, 1847.

MY DEAR MISS REDHEAD,

If my hymns have been, or may yet be useful to you, I shall rejoice. I hope they *all* contain some reference to Jesus. Some were written under circumstances which were to me *experimental* of the subjects of which they treat. *Then* we write for the heart when we write *from* the heart. I preached last Lord's-day evening to a goodly number, from James v. 13, first part, "*Is any afflicted? let him pray.*" What a universal remedy! I heard from a good neighbour, this morning, the word had been

blest to her and to her husband. O, the power of the Word of God, when the influence of the Divine Spirit accompanies it! *Then*, and only then, the Word of the Lord has free course and is glorified. This should be matter of thankfulness. 1 Thess. i. 2—7.

Ever yours affectionately.

April 29th, 1847.

My dear Miss Redhead,

Thank you for your last letter. How clear and plain is the evidence that all real Christians drink into one spirit, are all taught of God! There is a holy *conformity* to Jesus, very different from party Shibboleth, or form or creed; it is *life*, spiritual life, derived from Christ, and sustained by the Holy Spirit. May we, and all dear to us, enjoy and manifest this spirit of life in Christ Jesus. Receive our kindest love, and tell all your friends we love them for the sake of our adored Lord.

Ever your affectionate friend.

May 10th, 1847.

My dear Miss Redhead,

Nothing occurs in vain or by chance. Our correspondence commenced in a most remarkable manner, through my writing to Dr. F. for your sainted father's Memoir; and all that followed we know. We know *thus far*, but the *future* we know

not; but the "Wonderful Counsellor" directs all! In heaven all will be *explained* to *us*, and understood by us. O that by *sovereign grace* and *sovereign mercy I* may be admitted! How utterly unworthy! Lord save me, and hide me in the cleft of the "Smitten Rock!" Grace, mercy, and peace be with you.

Believe me ever your affectionate friend.

August 16th, 1847.

My dear Miss Redhead,

Though at present unknown, personally, we feel an interest in you and Mr. F., and speak of you, and the singular providence of our friendship, &c. Did I ever ask you if you had read a very sweet volume—"*Christian Retirement?*" I have read it many times; it is ever new and delightful. I was enabled to preach once yesterday from *John* viii. 12. I divided the verse thus:—

I. The glorious object presented to us—*Christ*, the light of the world.

II. The character of Christian believers—the *people of God, followers* of Christ. They follow Him—1. As a teacher. 2. As a guide. 3. As a sovereign.

III. Their privilege—1. Shall *not* walk in darkness. 2. Shall have the light of life; *i. e.*, spiritual life, pardon, peace, holiness, joy, &c. Believe me always

Your friend and servant, for Christ's sake.

TO THE REV. D. MEREDITH.*

March 3rd, 1849.

MY DEAR SIR,

Many thanks for your letter. I was desirous to know how yourself and your excellent wife were; and am glad to learn you are both well, and actively engaged in the service of our adored Lord. May your daily duties be sanctified and blessed. I oft meditate on the Master's words, *John* ix. 4; a good motto for *all*, especially for ministers and for the aged. Good John Norris, the clergyman of Bemerton, near Salisbury, in the eighteenth century, has a valuable sermon on this verse, only that it needs a little *more* Gospel leaven. He divides it thus:—1. God sent us into this world. 2. We have each one a work to do. 3. It is *His* work. 4. We have a limited time to accomplish it—a *day!* 5. The termination of this time draws near. 6. The work must be done now or never.

Our united regards to your good wife and mother.

Ever, reverend and dear Sir,

Yours faithfully.

TO MRS. J. TEMPLE.

May 7th, 1842.

MY VERY DEAR NIECE,

I generally transmit the accompanying letter

* The Rev. D. Meredith, incumbent of Elland, Halifax, died Feb., 1853. He was a most excellent and useful clergyman, and was lamented by a numerous circle of friends and relatives.

to my dear relatives and friends, without any addition; but to you it must NOT be so. I cannot send it without telling you that we all regard you as a *most valuable* addition to our family circle, and with much sincerity pray that every *personal* and *relative* blessing may be yours, and that what is given you by our Heavenly Father in daily mercies may be enjoyed as the bestowment of the God of your salvation; and that yourself and dear J., and your darling one, may be under Divine care and love, united, happy, and useful.

Your ever affectionate uncle.

TO HIS GRANDSON, J. R. S. CLIFFORD.

Pimlico, Lord's day, 19th September, 1841.

MY DEAR GRANDSON,

It is twelve months this day since I presented you with a *Bible*. I know you value it, and have frequently read it. May God give you grace rightly to understand it; for it is necessary that we understand what we read in God's Holy Word. See an example, Acts viii. 30, 31. You must pray to God to teach you. Though you are yet young, yet you can pray as young Samuel did, and God will hear and answer you. Pray to God thus:—"Lord, I have the Bible; teach me rightly to understand it, that I may by its holy light, and the guidance of thy Spirit, be led to heaven." Never let one day pass without reading some few verses at least. You know I love and pray for you.

Your ever affectionate grandfather.

TO THE SAME.

May 24th, 1848.

It affords me real pleasure to write you a few lines, which I know you will be glad to receive. You are greatly favoured by Providence; my earnest prayer for you is, that God will give you grace to value and improve your manifold advantages. I trust that the good effect of your education will appear through life, and be promotive of your personal and relative happiness, and be for the glory of God. Your future *happiness*, my dear grandson, is in your own keeping. In after years you may experience personal and family sorrows, but if your heart is right with God you will always have inward peace—peace in Christ; see John xvi. 33. Always be diligent and punctual in the daily duties of your calling. Strive to be eminent in your profession in life; here ambition is laudable, and always succeeds. Daily read some portion of the Bible, and daily pray in private, and God will bless you. Keep this letter; in years to come it will bring thoughts back to the past.

Your affectionate grandfather.

TO W. CAUTHERLEY, ESQ.

21st May, 1847.

MY DEAR SIR,

I regret to hear you are unwell; I trust, through the tender mercies of our ever gracious God, only a temporary suspension of your health and comfort —rather not the latter, for the season of affliction

bodily or mental, personal or relative, is often made a sweet time of refreshing. We are cast back on our principles, and on the Divine promises; the soul finds a *resting place.* Perhaps you may possess the sweet and experimental hymns of dear Dr. Doddridge; if not, my son can lend you a copy. I should like you to read that hymn beginning thus—

"O happy day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God."

It is our mercy, and should bring us repose, that the Covenant alters not, that our Redeemer changes not, that His purposes of love are *immutable.* * * *

TO MR. AND MRS. CAUTHERLEY.

4th October, 1847.

VERY DEAR FRIENDS,

I promised you a few lines—here they are; not worthy perusal; yet if our correspondence with our friends exercises our *patience,* it is so far beneficial—every exercise of grace strengthens and thereby improves it. How much tutoring we need, and how loving and gracious is our God in the varied discipline by which he accomplishes our salvation! Sunshine and clouds; storms and calms; the spiritual summer and winter: but the intended process is going on, the furnace is removing the dross. The winter snow preserves the grain and fosters vegetation, and is quite as necessary to bring forward the harvest as the showers of April, the zephyrs of May, the sun of June, the heat of July; then comes the harvest. "I asked the Lord that I might grow." (See "Olney Hymns.") * * *

TO THE SAME.

10th July, 1847.

DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,

May you enjoy a peaceful, holy Sabbath; this is *not* a wish, but a *prayer* for you both, and for dear A——. One Sabbath is a precious boon, and we have had, how many? in ten years, *five hundred and twenty;* one great item in our stewardship account. Some have, indeed, been "days of the Son of Man" to us; melting seasons of Divine love; there is, as St. Augustine hath it, "a grace in such tears." What days of comfort have some Sabbaths proved! Those sweet lines suit me.

"Comfort, ye ministers of grace,
Comfort my people, saith your God;
Ye soon shall see His smiling face,
His golden sceptre, not His rod.
And own, when now the cloud 's removed,
He only chastened when He loved."

Grace, mercy, and peace be with you,
Your affectionate friend.

TO THE SAME.

12th September, 1848.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

For I always write to both; you are one in heart and hope—the *hope* St. Paul writes of, 2 Thess. ii. 16, 17. That is a portion for you to live by; and, when you have finished your work here, to fall asleep by, Acts xiii. 36. I cordially wish I were one among the group at St. Margaret's.

Well, I am *not* with you, but in my study,

writing, reading, meditating, and looking now and then at Mrs. S. with as much delight as I did when I walked up the aisle of St. Mary Woolnoth, May 11, 1796, and made a duteous bow to dear John Newton, ere he united us in the holy and silken bonds. * * *

TO MISS E. SMITHWAITE.

Pimlico, July 25th, 1825.

MY DEAR EMMA,

I have great pleasure, I assure you, in writing to you. I am glad you sustained your journey comparatively well, and enjoy the country. With the blessing of God I hope it will do you good in every sense. My dear young charge, I beseech you, with parental regard, take care of the best interests of the soul as the *first* object. Imagine not that real piety will *deprive* you of any pleasure, or make you gloomy. It *alone* can make you truly *happy*. You love poetry; I will copy you a few lines of rhyme I wrote on Saturday evening. Adieu.

Your faithful friend.

TO MR. J. HUNTER.

27th February, 1844.

Spiritual physicians should ever be willing and ready to respond to the express needs of the spiritual sick or distressed. Your case is *not* an uncommon one—*wandering and worldly thoughts* in holy worship. The most experienced Christians feel and lament it. St. Paul prayed for the Corinthians *that "they might wait on the Lord* WITHOUT DISTRACTION." If these sad thoughts distress and

grieve us, they are not laid to our account—Christ suffered, being tempted. 1. Be diligent in your daily calling. 2. Study more closely the Bible. 3. Exercise faith in God's ability to save you from all sin. 4. Be instant in prayer. "Lord, help me!" ever succeeds. 5. Habitually rely on the aid of the Holy Spirit. 6. Live near to God in a holy life. Cowper's sweet hymn will suit you—"Oh! for a closer walk with God." * * *

TO MRS. DUNN.

Pimlico, Monday, Aug. 28th, 1848.

MY DEAR MRS. DUNN,

Our old and valued friends, who are gone before, are oft in our minds, and sometimes in our dreams. I have had your dear mother before me in my night wanderings. I saw her, and conversed with her. She looked cheerful and happy, as when your dear father and herself came from Salisbury in 1795. Please let Mary write when your father died, and your mother also, to put in my book of Chronology. The enclosed are for dear Mary, with my love. Tell my dear brother, and very old friend, that I am like the ship at Athens, only fit to be moored in port, but they—*i. e.*, my superiors—compel me still to put to sea, though my sails are torn, and the vessel battered. Her freight is small, though her freights are of some magnitude, the captain forgetting too often 2 Peter i. 11.

All here think and speak love of you; my dear brother, Mary, Jane, and *all*.

Your old friend, and your father's friend.

TO HIS YOUNGEST SON.

April 8, 1850.

DEAREST SON,

It is an unspeakable mercy to know that we are in the Lord's hands. All His appointments are gracious. I trust I feel *this*. Some great and good *end* to be accomplished in us, and by us and ours. I longed to be serving my God in the pulpit, but He ordered it otherwise. * * *

Your ever affectionate father.

TO MISS S. BASELEY.

Pimlico, July 29, 1848.

MY DEAR SARAH,

I do, indeed, sympathise with yourself, and especially with our poor and patient sufferer, dear K. God will give her support and comfort, and keep her spirit *calm*, resting on *Christ!* He is our ROCK and help. What an unspeakable mercy that He is ever with those who look to, and call on Him, however *feeble* or *short* the prayer! I wish I could come and see you, to comfort you both. 2 Cor. i. 3—6.

Your affectionate friend.

TO THE SAME.

Pimlico, August 26, 1848.

We have all been much distressed about dear K. In such sad cases our *only refuge* is God.

He is ever with us, and *especially* in affliction; friends and loving ones are *absent,* but HE IS PRESENT. Read and believe Psalm xlvi. 1. All will *end* well; that is a comfort to know and believe. * * *

Ever yours, dear S.

Pimlico, August 8, 1848.

I am anxious to contribute to *your* comfort, and that of *my dear K.,* by writing you; but *God* only can reach the heart, and speak comfort to the *drooping spirit.* This He has often done for you both, and *will again. Doubt not,* only believe. All will be well yet; either in health restored, or the *soul prepared for heaven!* All send much love.

Ever affectionately yours.

EXTRACTS

FROM

PASTORAL ADDRESSES, SERMONS,

ETC., ETC.

1832.

CHRISTIAN FRIENDS AND BELOVED IN THE LORD, —If at any time the advice and counsel of a Christian minister was necessary, *it is especially so now.* There has been, of late years, so much of excitement in religion; so much of the revival of party prejudice; so much of the cry on all hands, "The temple of the Lord are we!"—*Lo! here is Christ!* or, *Lo! he is there!* that it has become a rare matter to find a *steady* and a *steadfast* Christian, one like unto Nathaniel; or a family *walking as one,* in all the ordinances and commandments of the Lord blameless.

It has been a great comfort and relief to me, amidst many sorrows, to have been blessed, and a great blessing it is, with *some* such families and individuals in my church and congregation; these

have been, as Paul saith of Tychicus and others, a comfort to me in my affliction. (Col. iv. 11.) But for these I had long since resigned my pastoral charge, and all my duties connected therewith, at Chelsea; but such as you, beloved in the Lord, I never will leave, God helping me. May the Lord make me more and more useful among you. Amen.

That which I am especially anxious for, is to see a revival of *pure and primitive Christianity among us;* that which the Scripture calls "*the simplicity of the Gospel;*" an holy and an operating faith in the great doctrines of the Gospel; a firm and full reliance upon the accepted merits of our Divine Lord and only Saviour, Jesus Christ; an enjoyment of the teachings and consolations of the Holy Spirit; a life marked by dedication to God, and benevolence to man; these are the elementary principles of felicity *here*, and the *best*, yea, the *only* preparatives for the presence and kingdom of God hereafter. These are infinitely transcendant above the zeal of sectarian controversy, or the contentions of party. For myself, I have long since broken with all such spirits—they are uncongenial to me. I determine to know nothing but Jesus Christ, and him crucified; and I strongly recommend you to have done with party men, and follow the Lord fully. Meddle not with such men, lest you find a snare to your souls; we are travelling to the heavenly Zion, and must not suffer ourselves to be diverted with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men, and cunning craftiness,

whereby they lay in wait to deceive. Our object should be to glorify God, and serve our generation according to His will. The plain and simple teachings of the Gospel, blessed and owned by the Spirit of God, will prevent our mingling in such strife of words, and rather, in dependence and faith, to walk worthy of the vocation wherewith we are called; with all lowliness and meekness, with long-suffering, forbearing one another in love; endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. (Ephes. iv. 1, 2, 3.)

Let me affectionately and earnestly entreat your constant, consistent, and conscientious attendance on public worship; except as you are hindered lawfully, be found in your place, both on the Sabbath days, and on other opportunities. Seek the Lord in His appointed way, nor shall you seek Him in vain. Your attendance will afford great encouragement to me, and strengthen me in my ministry among you. Specially let me have the satisfaction to witness the answer of my prayers for you, in seeing you constantly at the Lord's table: there we profess to remember Him who died for us, and to show forth His death, *till He shall come;* it is there we are refreshed and comforted, and there doth Jesus make himself known to us in the breaking of bread.

Your beloved children and households are interested in my prayers to God. I feel a more lively interest than ever I did, in engaging the attention and forming the minds of the young people of my charge; to them I look with peculiar pleasure, as

to those who, if I should be spared a few years more to minister among you, will, in the decline of my days, prove my comfort, and the refreshment of my spirit. Placed as our lot is, by the arrangements of our Heavenly Father, in times of no ordinary danger and uncertainty, let it be our care to be found watchful, and waiting for the coming of the Lord; that when He shall come, we "may be found of Him in peace, without spot and blameless." * * *

1833.

The year 1832, through which, by the good hand of our God upon us, we have been preserved and sustained, has been, in many respects, *a most eventful year.* It has been so to many of the nations of the world, and to our own beloved country also; let it be our united and frequent prayer, that the extension of light and privilege which we so liberally enjoy, may lead to the best results; namely, the enlargement and purity of the Church of Christ, and the consequent diminution of all sin and misery; the cheering production of the fruits of righteousness, and the happiness and joy of man! As I proceed in my ministry, now somewhat extended, I am increasingly confirmed in the necessity of KEEPING CLOSE TO THE BIBLE, in all and every matter of *doctrine, duty, discipline, and devotion.* The Bible is the book for ALL:—

"This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise
Who makes the pearl his own."

Deriving our views from hence, under the teaching of the Holy Spirit, we shall be delivered from that unhallowed temper in maintaining our own sentiments, which is but too frequently associated with pride, censurable censoriousness of others, and the substitution of the form for the power of godliness. The cardinal points of the blessed Gospel are *few* and *plain;* the duties of the Christian life are also *plain,* and *soon discovered,* by an unbiassed and humble mind. Let the *Bible,* my beloved hearers, be your *chart,* your *compass,* your *companion.* Be a Bible Christian, and you will be ready to give a reason of your hope, with clearness and impressive power, with meekness and fear. You will be expert in all matters of Divine truth; you will be sustained in all duties and dangers by some refreshing promise; and your last utterance of grateful review and remembrance will be, "Thou hast dealt with me, O Lord, ACCORDING TO THY WORD:" for you will be able to try every thing by that test, and expect every blessing by that pledge.

I feel a growing attachment to, and an increased interest in, my dear *young friends;* during the past year they have not been forgotten by me. I trust their spiritual and lasting good has been frequently before my mind; and in my discourses some passages, specially addressed to them, I trust, will remain, and be as bread cast upon the waters, found after many days. I look to the young people of my care and charge for much consolation and peace, in the increase of my years and infirmi-

ties. May the Lord, who has led and fed me all my life long, and redeemed me from evil, abundantly bless you, and especially protect and keep the young of my flock.

Withdraw your minds, my dear people, from all contentions and strifes of words about church and dissent; we know well, that the true and "visible Church of Christ is a congregation of faithful men, in the which the pure Word of God is preached, and the sacraments be duly ministered." (Article 19.) Seek much of the presence of Christ. The communion of the soul with God is a Divine reality—the peace it brings is real—the tranquil and full dependance on the Divine power is real—the strength for duty and affliction is real; and all these are the preludes of a real blessedness in death and eternity. Cultivate this communion with God; withdraw from the world, and avoid the dissipation of useless and worldly visits and visiting. * * *

1834.

CHRISTIAN FRIENDS AND BELOVED IN THE LORD, —I am most anxious to become increasingly useful to you in my public work, and in my pastoral visits. I can truly say, my Sabbath services are refreshing, rather than exhausting; and although I have been enabled to continue three services every Lord's day, yet strength has been imparted quite equal to my day. It has been frequently urged upon me, during the past year, to omit the service upon the afternoon of each Lord's day, yet I know not how to accede to this; because the greatly

increased attendance seems to tell me my duty herein; and, moreover, the souls of the servants, who attend with much seriousness and devotion, are of great value in my estimation; and I have reason also to know that the service, at this particular portion of the Sabbath, is valuable to the *aged* and to the *invalid*. Let me enjoy your prayers, that my heavenly Father would still uphold and strengthen me; my times are in His hands, and my best energies are claimed by His holy service, even unto death.

In these portentous times, *watchfulness* and *prayer* are most important to you, and will be found eminently useful; they are at all seasons the duty and defence of the Christian;—but how can we escape from spiritual loss and damage, if we are not vigilant herein *now?* How many have been led into the *errors*—if we must not say *heresies*—of the day! How many have become the captives of their own unaided reason, as though reason, without the Word and the Holy Spirit, would or could do any thing to guide or counsel us well in the things of God! How many have painfully erred from the simplicity of the Gospel of Christ, and are wandering in the intricate and doubtful ways of high and unscriptural doctrine, or of uncertain speculation, conjecture, and expectancy! Amidst these various and opposite sources of evil and danger, what defence hath the Christian? The promise and engagement of the covenant of redemption assure him of preservation, by the POWER OF GOD, through faith unto salvation. In the centre of contention, and of the

cry, "Lo! here is Christ;" or, "Lo! he is there," his mind shall be kept in peace, stayed upon his God. In returning from the strife of party, and in rest upon the Word of God, shall he be saved; in this quietness and confidence he derives strength from Christ, for daily duty, and for daily suffering. Well may you, with unfeigned gratitude, say,

> "How vast the treasure we possess!
> How rich Thy bounty, King of Grace!
> This world is ours, and worlds to come;
> Earth is our lodge, and heaven our home."

I would most affectionately and earnestly entreat you, my beloved friends, keep separate from party men and party spirits, *of all descriptions;* they will injure your peace and your progress in holiness. Your one object is the attainment of salvation through the merit and mediation of your Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; you have no time to waste in the short season of your earthly pilgrimage; live near to God in daily communion, and then you may cast your every care upon your heavenly Father, and it shall be said of you—"The end of that man was peace." I trust, my beloved people will value the ordinances of God, and be glad when invited to His house, as the place of the sweetest refreshment and relief from the pressure of worldly cares and pursuits; thus shall you enjoy renewed foretastes of heaven, of the exceeding and eternal weight of glory, where sin is banished from the bright abodes. * * *

1835.

My beloved Charge, in which I especially include my young friends,—"NOW IS OUR SALVATION NEARER THAN WHEN WE BELIEVED." Happy are those who possess the "witness of the Spirit," borne out by "the work of faith," that this delightful and refreshing declaration applies to them; and if impressive and comprehensive views of the approaching *rest* and *glory* of the Christian (and "salvation" is nothing less than rest and glory) are well adapted to afford us strength and encouragement under all our painful but salutary exercises, much more is this motto (and let us take it as such for the year 1835) appropriate for a NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Amidst the ever-changing events that await us in this transient and probationary state, we have been mercifully preserved, as a church and congregation, in the possession and enjoyment of many mercies in unity and peace.

> "One year of blessings from above—
> To God be all the praise;
> The purchase of a Saviour's love,
> The gifts of sovereign grace."

Gladly and gratefully let us erect a memorial of devout acknowledgment. The review of the past year will tend to humble us, that we have benefited so little under means and ordinances, providences and privileges, so valuable and important. Much has been given to us by our heavenly Father. With a humble and contrite spirit for past neglect,

let us unite fervent prayer and persevering zeal, that, while we are spared, we may in a far more extensive and influential sense glorify God with all our time and talents; that we may walk closer with God, and set Him always before us, referring everything to *His will*, and in every instance applying to *His throne*, and daily studying *His word*, —so shall we be kept in peace and holiness, with our minds stayed upon God! Let the love of CHRIST constrain you to all holy devotedness to Him. Supplies of grace and strength, from the fulness of the Saviour, are ever accessible to the weakest and most unworthy. If His power rest upon us, we shall be sufficient for the duties and the afflictions that are intended to prepare us for His presence.

I most affectionately and earnestly entreat your increasing love to the CAUSE AND HOUSE OF GOD; you cannot do too much for the glory of His cause, who has done and promised so much on your behalf! Make the welfare and prosperity of our endeared Zion (endeared by trials as well as joys) the subject of your care, and of your daily and fervent prayers. While we take care of His cause, by our humble instrumentality, He will take care of us and ours; but if we neglect Him, though we may appear prosperous, He will forsake us; and woe unto us and to our children, if the Lord depart from us and them! It will, I assure you, render me increasingly happy to be regarded by you as

Your minister, friend, and servant for Christ's sake,

R. H. S.

1836.

Our relation as MINISTER and PEOPLE will pass with us, in its influence and consequences, into eternity. Dear and tender as are the ties that bind us in the conjugal relation—the relation of parents and children, brethren and sisters, and all the various ramifications of social and domestic life; full of comfort as these are, if accompanied with a Divine blessing, although they must necessarily be mingled with the bitter ingredients of imperfection, frailty, and brevity; *yet all these* CONNEXIONS WILL SHORTLY CEASE! The thought and the anticipation are daily marked with solemnity, and are deep in interest. The watchful and anxious care of parents will soon cease; the filial duty of children, the honour, the attention, the obedience, and (if requisite in the decline of life) the provision which that duty implies and includes, will very soon be called for no more. The affectionate expressions of brotherly and sisterly love will soon be extinguished by the hand of death. But we need not proceed; all relative associations that have to do with this life will very shortly terminate; but our union as minister and people will, in its effects, pass with us over the swellings of Jordan, and exist in vivid review and remembrance in eternity.

I have very much to call forth the record of my grateful and strong love to you. You are my joy and crown; you have encouraged me in the progress of my ministry; and I fervently pray that all the blessings to be realised and enjoyed in the sanctuary of God, and in His holy ordinances, may

be the lot of your inheritance. You know I do not leave you in my Sabbath services; you look for me in my place, and, by the good hand of my God upon me, I am enabled to meet you. May we never meet without the smile and favour of our heavenly Father!

My dearly beloved young friends, I am much indebted to you, and tender you my best services, and earnest desires for your temporal welfare, and your eternal salvation. Your conduct and constancy afford me increasing comfort; and I trust the recollections, in future years, when my ministry has closed among you, will administer the calm and happy sense of benefits derived from the Gospel in your early years, which shall prepare you for future duties, and support you under afflictions, even to the end of your earthly pilgrimage. Let the interests of the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour occupy your *first and lasting care;* pray for the peace of Zion, and seek its welfare in your immediate circle, and at HOME; then shall you be prepared, with much consistency, to seek the advancement and triumphs of the Gospel among the heathen in remote countries. I know that the weekly lectures, upon Thursday evenings, have been pleasant and acceptable to you. I purpose, therefore, as the Lord shall help me, in the present year, to expound the book of Job—a most precious part of the sacred Scriptures, and replete with instruction—"profitable for doctrine, for correction, and instruction in righteousness." I affectionately ask your regular attendance, as far as your personal and domestic

circumstances will allow. May great grace rest upon you and yours. You know the unfeigned pleasure with which I subscribe myself

Yours to esteem and serve in our Lord Jesus Christ,

R. H. S.

1837.

The sovereign Lord of all has removed some of our friends by death during the past year; our congregation has lost some worshippers and lovers of the Saviour, but the church triumphant has received them, we trust, in holy and happy fellowship. Happy exchange! — from the cares and sufferings of time to the immediate presence and enjoyment of God; "and so shall they ever be with the Lord!" May we follow them as they followed Christ. My heart's desire and prayer for you is, that you may grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. To increase in the knowledge of Christ is one great end of all the ordinances of religion; of every Sabbath and every sacrament — to know more of Christ, whom to know is eternal life. O excellent knowledge! Seek, I beseech you, day by day, to know more of your Redeemer God, in the glory of His person, the greatness of His mediatorial undertaking, the perfection of His obedience, the sufficiency of His atonement, the authority of His example, the sympathy and prevalency of His intercession, His unchangeable love, and His second coming! Which things the angels desire to look into. All these high and holy meditations upon Jesus will lead you to God; for he that has seen

Christ hath seen the Father. These devout contemplations will draw you to the throne of grace, to ask for the supply of the Holy Spirit, which you deeply need, and which is graciously promised, that He may lead you into all truth, and take of the things of Christ and show them unto you. Thus shall your peace and holiness be increased; thus will you grow in grace, and add to your faith all holy and heavenly tempers; your families, and friends, and fellow-worshippers will take knowledge of you that you have been with Christ; you will dwell, as it were, on this mount of holiness, of love; you must not—yea, you cannot—descend from the sweetness of this heavenly converse to mingle with the strife of tongues, with the collision of parties, with words of doubtful disputation. You profess and call yourselves Christians; I pray you, think that one name sufficient. I pray you, keep aloof from the strivings of the people: it is painful to be misunderstood, or misrepresented, as to our principles, our motives, our conduct; but this has been most common in every age, and so it will be, while both the *precepts* and the *life* of Christ are palpably forgotten. It is of very small concernment what men call us, provided Christ calls us FRIENDS and DISCIPLES. Let not the Shibboleths of party recognition agitate your minds, nor the strivings about words to no profit break your rest; nor such subjects (for they are vain as well as unprofitable) engage your converse, nor mystify, by pompous sounds, plain truths and plain duty, nor cause you to alter your motto—"*Grace be with all*

those that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." Let us extend the right hand of fellowship to all who love Christ, of every clime, colour, and caste and condition, and of *every* church and every congregation.

It is a comfort to me that I have been permitted to serve God in the Gospel of His Son for nearly TWENTY-FOUR years in the village of Chelsea; that the Word of the Lord has had free course and has been glorified; that our noble and useful schools have prospered, and have instructed daily, and every Sabbath in succession, thousands of the children of our poor brethren around us. Let me entreat you to take care of the house of our God, which is the church of the living God. Let the interest of Zion lay near your hearts. Support the cause, and uphold the service of God. You know that I have not been chargeable to any of you. By the good hand of our God upon us, we are in the enjoyment of peace and love. Brethren and sisters, pray for me: I need your prayers, more and more, under the weight of increasing years and infirmities. I still delight to study the good Word of God, and prepare for you therefrom things new and old. May the Lord on every Sabbath confirm His good Word by signs following. Amen.

My highly-valued young friends,—let me exhort you to study more closely and frequently the Bible: let it be your aim and prayer to become Bible Christians. My fervent and affectionate prayers supplicate on your behalf, at the throne of grace, every suitable temporal blessing; but, more especially, all spiritual blessings in heavenly places, in

Christ Jesus. If you have not before kept a record of the subjects upon which you are addressed, from Sabbath to Sabbath, in the house of the Lord, let me recommend you to begin such record with the present year, and with the present Sabbath. You will not regret it; but it will afford you, in coming years, if spared, many a pleasing and instructive review. I assure you it is with much pleasure that I tell you of my pastoral regard for you, and that I remain,

Your sincere friend in the Lord Jesus,

R. H. S.

Extract from his Sermon on Prov. viii. 17, "*Youth encouraged to seek the Lord,*" *preached July* 19, 1816.

Religion is all-important; it is the one thing needful; and to the duty referred to in the text, every other pursuit must bow. Everything else must be rendered subordinate and subservient; and such as truly seek God are made willing to offer every required sacrifice: as it is written, "The kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchantman seeking goodly pearls; who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it." Be as earnest in seeking God, in health and youth, as you will wish you had been when on the bed of death; ever employ that diligence and zeal, in spiritual concerns, which shall mark your sincerity. * * *

I cannot leave you, my dear young friends, without pressing on you the indispensable necessity of

decision. Oh! decide for God this evening. Now is the accepted time; do not put it off to another season. Cherish any devout impression that may have been made on your minds by this feeble attempt. Let not your goodness be like the morning cloud, and early dew, which soon pass away. Remember *now* your Creator. Procrastination will deceive you. The longer you postpone, difficulties multiply—seasons diminish—means become weaker—guilt increases—sinful habits strengthen. Now is the day of salvation; and how can you escape, if you neglect it? Form the noble resolve—O God, *early* will I seek thee. Your whole heart must be engaged. Spend a portion of every day in prayer and reading the Scripture. From this pure source you will best learn the Christian religion. Pray for the teaching of the Holy Spirit, "without whom nothing is holy—nothing is strong." Investigate for yourselves God's Word. Its truths court the closest inspection. There is not anything in the blessed Gospel to cause a blush, but everything in which you may triumph and glory. * * *

I would advert to the subject of READING. What can come recommended with equal claims to your attention or regard as THE BIBLE? Its design, its tendency, and its effects prove it to be, above every thing else, the proper food for the mind. These it becomes you to study; and, whenever you peruse it, let such perusal be accompanied by faith, meditation, and prayer for the influence and guidance of the Holy Spirit, to open your understanding to a clear perception, and your heart to a cordial recep-

tion of its hallowed mysteries. In addition to the Scriptures, allow me to recommend to your regard the writings of pious men, who have devoted so much of their time and study to spiritual subjects. If you are placed, as many may be, in offices or shops, with ungodly and irreligious persons, let your attention, your diligence, and your general aim to please and be useful, be *conspicuous* and *pre-eminent;* and maintain a constant guard against the evils that surround you. By this alone can you advance and improve, and acquire excellence in your profession; or be justified in the expectation of that blessing which maketh rich without sorrow. Diligence and circumspection are requisite, in every sense, to our comfort and prosperity. Let integrity and uprightness preserve you, while you trust in God. If Providence, in after life, smile on you, acknowledge the Source of all your blessings—anxiously avoiding the boaster's spirit, and cherishing all the feelings of a grateful and devoted heart.

Extract from his Sermon on Job viii. 5, 6, "*The Duty and Advantages of Family Worship,*" *preached Nov.* 17, 1818.

Teach your children and dependants to look up to God in every step of their conduct; impress on them the worth of the soul, the value of religion, the importance of eternity, and the love of the Saviour: and how can you so well effect this as by Family Worship? From a neglect of this, it comes to pass that our youth, as soon as they

launch out into the world, fall an easy, defenceless prey to temptation and to Satan, who "goeth about seeking whom he may devour." The sin lies at our door, if we culpably neglect the means within our power. You think it a duty incumbent on you to furnish your family with bodily subsistence; and it is as much more your indispensable duty to make provision for their spiritual welfare, as eternity is of infinitely greater moment than time. Do we inquire, what advantages will result from Family Worship? Many, every way. 1. It will prove a blessing to your children and servants. 2. It will yield consolation to yourselves. 3. It will be of utility to the community at large. 4. It will sanctify your seasons of prosperity and affliction. 5. It will have a tendency to promote order, sobriety, and religion in general. 6. It will perpetuate the knowledge and worship of Jehovah. 7. It will glorify God. If you use the abilities God has given you, they will increase as the claims of duty require. Two talents, diligently improved, shall be speedily augmented. Remember, "the way of the Lord is strength to the upright." Nor is the plea of inability for this duty valid, when there are helps extant, at once numerous and valuable. Let those who cannot pray without a form, avail themselves of the excellent and spiritual forms, which are adapted both for common and for extraordinary occasions.*

* Such as the Family Prayers written by the Rev. B. Jenks (improved by the Rev. Charles Simeon); also Morison, Jay, Scott Thornton, Temple, Fletcher, or Bickersteth.

Extract from his Sermon on Deut. v. 12, "*The Due Observance of the Lord's Day,*" *preached March* 9, 1819.

Can we, ought we, to allow that professing Christian duly to observe the Lord's day, who either *habitually neglects* or *carelessly attends* the public worship of God? to whom the devotional parts of the service are, in his view, those of minor importance, or of trivial interest; part of whose religion, on the Sabbath, appears to be to disturb the devotion of others; whose seat in the house of God is only occasionally occupied; who is influenced, by the smallest incident, to be detained from meeting with the great congregation; who is never seen around the sacramental table; who feels not his heart burn within him when the ambassador of Christ unfolds the Saviour's grace, and invites the sinner to penitence and faith, and the saint to admiration and gratitude? How numerous are the *motives* that should influence us to a due observance of the Lord's day! It will honour God; it will adorn religion; it will attract the attention; and, by the Divine blessing, will promote our own happiness. *Blessed is the man that keepeth the Sabbath from polluting it.* It is impossible to conceive a more delightful exercise, than that of spending the Sabbath in the manner prescribed by the word of God; every one that has made the trial will be ready to acknowledge the *many* and *important* advantages attending it. The influence on the mind and heart, during the succeeding week, will not be small. * * *

From "Consolations for Mourners."

The Holy Spirit is promised as a *Comforter*, who shall abide with the church for ever. Ministers are sent to comfort those who are cast down. They sadly fail in their duty, if they do not constantly speak comfortably to Jerusalem. They are sons of consolation. Nor are the consolations of the Gospel *small*. They cannot be, for they are the consolations of God. Ho! every one that is cast down, come to these waters of consolation and peace! Meditate upon the *wisdom* and *perfection* of all the plans, and purposes, and ways of God; your unworthiness of the friend or relative you have so long enjoyed, and who is now removed; the positive and unspeakable and eternal gain, which is the portion of the believer at death. Consider how many trials and agonies they are spared by their departure; cherish the hallowed influence of scenes like that through which you are now passing; recollect you shall soon be re-united to them; and, finally, recall to your mind their example, their counsel, their affectionate care, their tender love, and their peaceful end. It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting. By these afflictions men live; and in all these is the life of the Spirit. You have frequently expressed your conviction that all on earth is vanity, that man walketh in a vain show—*now you feel it.* You have frequently meditated on the church ascending from the wilderness, leaning upon Christ as her beloved—*now you are following in her train.*

You are in the valley, but it is a valley of peace; it is dark, but not gloomy. The object that was wont to cheer you is withdrawn, but Christ is with you. * * *

A Sermon preached at Ranelagh Chapel, Sloane-Square, on Sunday Morning, April 10th, 1842, before making a Collection for the Infants' Friend Society.

"And they brought unto Him also infants, that He would touch them; but when His disciples saw it, they rebuked them. But Jesus called them unto Him, and said, Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, shall in no wise enter therein."—Luke xviii. 15—17.

You will find the parallel history in St. Matthew, in the nineteenth chapter of his Gospel, from the thirteenth to the fifteenth verse; and that in St. Mark is in the tenth chapter, from the thirteenth to the sixteenth verse. Reading those passages, you will find some additional paragraphs to the words which I have now read to you. Those who were brought to Christ are called "little children" in those parallel histories; but here we read of them as "infants."

When I had selected these verses as suited to the present occasion, I could not but immediately recollect the clear and distinct fulfilment of the ancient prophecy of Isaiah concerning the Messiah,

in the forty-fourth chapter and the third verse: "I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground; I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring." Nor could I do other than recollect that prophetic announcement in the same prophecy—"He shall gather the lambs with His arm." See how the history of our Divine Master corresponds with that which prophets spake concerning Him.

There is an ample range in the Holy Scripture, from which to select a passage, appropriate and suited to such an occasion as this, and to mingle Gospel instructions with the awakenings of desired benevolence. We might make such a selection from the powerful and expressive statements of the claims of suffering humanity around us, and from the bright and commanding and influential examples with which Holy Scripture is replete. I might have made such a selection from the histories of Holy Writ; but when I had thought of these several sources for finding a text, my mind recurred to the history of our Divine Lord and Saviour. I thought the most splendid passage must be *there;* the most splendid and influential text must be mingled with His sacred story; the brightest beams of benevolence must have shone there, and the irradiations of this unearthly grace must have been more splendid in His ordinary, His daily walk. And so I found it. And then I gave up the other sources of selection, and I immediately fixed upon this passage, which

I have now read to you, as most suited to awaken in our hearts the emotions of compassion for those that are suffering around us, and to lead us to the supplication at His throne, which shall never be unheard or unanswered, to ask for the communication of that mind and spirit, by which we shall be best transformed into His lovely image.

It was said of our Divine Master, in the briefly condensed record of His life, that "He went about, doing good." It was His morning task; it was His noon-day work; and it was His evening employ. Yea, more than this: when the setting sun had called man from the labour of his hands, to seek repose and the refreshment of sleep, the blessed Saviour was still employed. His compassions were still at work; and the tender sympathies of His heart were readily called forth and readily exercised, in order to alleviate human suffering, and to receive the memorials of sorrow, that were presented to His care. And "He hath left us an example, that we should follow His steps." I wish now, therefore, to show myself, from the elucidation of this history, and to show you, how Christ acted; that I may follow Him—that you may follow in His train. We are called Christians; but forms and ceremonies and rites will do nothing for us, unless we have the spirit of Christ; and that spirit is a spirit of meekness—of meekness under provocation, of forgiveness of injuries. Oh! we must have the mind of Christ, ere we can become the companions of the saints in glory. The highest

attainments of erudition will avail us nothing—the loftiest forms of Christianity, in their most imposing appearance, will avail us nothing,—*our baptism will avail us nothing*,—and all the accredited professions of religion, in which some of us have joined for many, many years, will avail us nothing,—unless we have the image of Christ. And it is to *that*—to that high and holy subject, that I would now call you; that you may by the Divine benediction carry away with you from the sanctuary some hallowed impression of Divine truth, which shall prove beneficial to you for days, yea, for years to come.

I wish to place this incident in our Lord's history before you; and, oh! what a touching and affecting incident it is! Think of the Saviour, with His apostles and disciples gathered round Him, and these persons anxious that Christ should take their infants into His arms, and bless them, according to the manner of the ancient prophets. Think of the Saviour, with this group surrounding Him, and of the disciples' well-intentioned, though inappropriate *rebuke* of those who brought these infants to their Master; and the tender compassion of Christ, called forth when He said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God." Yes, the kingdom of glory is greatly peopled with infants, who have died in infancy; I doubt not—nor do you—that all who die in infancy go to glory. And "of *such* is the kingdom of God"—as I shall, if time will allow me, be enabled to show you; that is, we must have

the disposition and temper of children, before we can enter into the kingdom of God—before we have any preparation for its high and holy services. Before we can mingle with the hallelujahs of heaven, we must on earth have the disposition of children; and I shall endeavour to show you what that disposition is, God helping me.

What a beautiful harmony there is, my brethren, between the language of Christ and the actions of Christ! I wish to impress this thought upon my own heart and upon yours. It is not merely what we *say;* the preacher may deliver a very good sermon, but what are his actions? He may be very well taught and instructed, and perhaps you may retire and praise him, so well has he expounded, or so well has he preached; but what say his actions? Now there is in the life of Christ a beautiful and unbroken harmony between the language of Christ and the actions of the Saviour.

His condescension is frequently displayed, as you must be well aware in reading the several evangelists. It was specially manifested; yea, His whole life was a life of condescension. Oh! how low did He stoop! Why, every part of His history is the record of condescension and humility. We worms of the earth can talk of condescension—though it is but so little that any of us are raised above our fellow worms, and even the loftiest monarch that grasps a sceptre is still a worm of the earth; but what are our condescensions? What was the stoop of CHRIST?

"From the highest throne of glory,
To the cross of deepest woe;
All to ransom guilty captives:
Flow, my tears, for ever flow."

This was condescension:

"This was compassion like a God."

We scarce know the meaning of the word *condescension*, when we apply it in reference to the history of our Divine Lord. How condescending He was to all ranks, to all classes, to all degrees of men! —specially to the poor, to the helpless, to the sorrowful, to the sick, to the young. Yes, my dear children, Christ had an especial regard for young persons. You see in the text, and you will hear in the sermon, how very kind he was to these infants. I wish you to understand fully, and to remember, how loving Jesus Christ is to young children. Why, if you offer up a prayer to Him, He will hear you, young as you are. You may not be able to pray like your minister, or like your parents, or like good men and good women; but you can pray sufficiently powerful for Jesus Christ to hear you. When you only say—"Lord Jesus, bless me as thou didst bless the infants, of whom I heard in the sermon this morning;" why, that prayer, if it comes from your hearts, Jesus will hear in heaven, and be sure to answer, and bless you while you live, and bless you when you die. He was especially condescending to the young.

He was condescending, I have said, to all ranks. Mark how condescending He was (merely to refer to one passage for illustration) to the woman of

Samaria. Read that history, in the fourth of John, for your instruction, and confirmation of my assertion. Wearied as the compassionate and loving Lord was with the toils of His journey, walking beneath the rays of a vertical and absorbing sun, when He sat on the ground by the brink of the well, He seems to have forgotten His own weariness, He seems to have forgotten Himself; and when that Samaritan was presented to Him as the object of His Divine care and compassion, how readily did He enter into conversation with her! He seems to have forgotten His own personal weariness, to the astonishment of the woman herself, for she must have perceived that He was weary—though she was more surprised by His freely conversing with her: "How is it, that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, which am a woman of Samaria?" And His disciples, when they had returned from the city where they had gone to procure provisions, were still more astonished; and they would have inquired, "Why talkest thou with her?" but for their habitual deference to the wisdom and to the authority of their Lord and Master; they were very much surprised that Christ should hold converse with her. But why was it? It was because of His condescension; it was that He might gather this lost sheep, and bring her into the fold of Israel.

But I must forbear these opening remarks, and come to the text itself. I purpose, in the first place, briefly (and it shall be very briefly) to review the history; and, secondly, to gather, in the way

of application, the great instruction which proceeds from this history of our Divine Lord,—its application to ourselves generally, and in particular its especial reference to the object which we have before us, the support of that most useful Institution—The Infants' Friend Society, connected with this place of worship. This is the outline.

I. In the first place, the history itself. And I have referred you to the several passages in the other evangelists.

While Jesus continued on the spot where He had been for a short season, the inhabitants of the neighbouring countries, on the banks of the Jordan, found their esteem for Him continually increase on an acquaintance with Him. And we marvel not at this, when they witnessed His matchless and benevolent deeds of kindness, and how He healed their sick, and how He remedied and removed their sorrows, and how He soothed their cares; we marvel not at this, when we recollect the matchless wisdom with which He spake, the melting tones of tenderness in which he addressed them. Their regard and esteem continually increased on their acquaintance with Him; and they brought to Him, not only the sick and the suffering, that they might be healed, but they brought to Him also several infants and other young children, that He might lay His hands on them and bless them. They did not doubt, that prayers so acceptable to God as His would prevail, both for their present happiness and for their future and eternal welfare. But

when they were approaching Him, the disciples and apostles thought that this interruption would be too troublesome. They thought this would be beneath Him. Oh! how little did they understand the spirit of their Lord and their Saviour, till after His resurrection and ascension! They ought to have known better. What! had they not witnessed seasons, when His tears readily flowed at scenes of sorrow? Had not some of them seen how He groaned and sighed at the sadness, not of one of themselves, but of the sisters and the friends of Lazarus? How little did they appreciate the compassion of their loving Lord, that they rebuked these parents, thinking it would be beneath Christ, beneath the dignity of so great a Prophet, to notice infants—that they were incapable of receiving any instruction from Him, and that it was altogether an improper interference with the work in which He was engaged! But Jesus, seeing how they could impede the approach of these infants and those who brought them to Him, "was much displeased;" these are the words used by one of the evangelists, and they are very unusual words in reference to Christ. He was moved with some degree of indignation against them; for He had a great love to children, and He well knew that a proper notice of them might be turned to valuable account. And therefore He said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not;" "let them come; I am ready to embrace them; I am ready to love them; I am ready to bless them." And Jesus is just the same, now He is in heaven. He

is not changed, because this history is closed, and this book is sealed, until the archangel shall announce the great white throne and the gathered universe. Oh! no; Jesus is the same now in heaven, ready to receive children—ready to receive the infants of pious parents.

These words of our Divine Lord and Saviour must have been exceedingly pleasant to the parents; and the memory of His condescension must have made a tender and a very lasting impression upon the children themselves, who had grown beyond the age of mere infancy. You would never forget it, if you had seen Jesus Christ taking infants in His arms and blessing them; you would talk of it as long as you lived; and if Jesus had spoken kindly and lovingly to you, and blessed you, you would cherish these memorials of holy and heavenly benediction. Doubtless, it made a lasting impression upon the young themselves. We are told, indeed, that the celebrated Ignatius, who was afterwards Bishop of Antioch, was one of these infants. But whether this be the fact or otherwise, the compassion of the Saviour is most observable, and should be imitated.

It was the fault and the sin of these disciples to rebuke the parents, or those that brought them. It is well for us, that the tenderness of Christ and His love for us and for ours exceed that of His disciples. There are many that rebuke those whom the Master invites. There are many who are kept back from Church-membership from several causes, or from coming to the Lord's Supper, that

to Him? What shall I speak to you, thirdly, of the great solicitude which it becomes us to cherish on behalf of our dear children, and of children generally? How shall I apply this history, fourthly, to instruct you that you will meet with impediments in your application to Christ, but that He will enable you by His grace to overcome every obstruction and difficulty? And fifthly, the great encouragement to prayer, arising from the love of Christ to us, now that He is our advocate and friend in heaven? And sixthly and finally, the dispositions we must cherish, in order that we may be the recipients of His blessing? I am quite aware, I cannot go over these six points with any degree of justice; but I must rapidly recapitulate them, because they all necessarily arise from this delightful subject. Oh! that my heart might be filled with the love of Christ; that I had but a portion of that compassion which the Saviour possessed! Then I should speak to you upon these things, however briefly, with that energy and fervour, which would recommend them to your hearts.

The tender sympathy and love of Christ. Why, that was displayed, my hearers, in all His lovely history. Every act was an act of compassion and of Divine care. What memorial of misery did He refuse? What scene of suffering did He neglect to visit? What tear did he not readily wipe away? Well was it said of Him in the prophecies that went before—"Himself took our sorrows." Alas! for us, we have sorrows that oppress us now. We

have sorrows that bear hard upon us sometimes, when we are on the declivity of the mountain of life, and are approaching its base. The morning may be bright, the noon-day may be prosperous, but the evening hours may be cloudy and stormy; yet the end shall be light and glorious, blessed be God. "Himself took our sorrows." O sorrowing and suffering Christian! cherish this as a motto, that shall refresh your spirit when you are cast down; think of these words, as applied to Him who died to save you, and of whose love you have been hearing this morning,—"Himself took our sorrows." You need not bear them with an undue anxiety; for Christ bore them. He was the burden-bearer of His church and of His people; He bore your sorrows and your infirmities.

What sympathy and love was His! Shall we not trust Him, and love Him, and serve Him? This truth is often blessed to melt the sinner's heart, and to restore the worldling. Why, if I were to preach in the most vehement and energetic strains, but only of the thunders of Sinai, and of the awful claims of a violated law, and of the inflexible requirements of justice, what effect would it have? I could not; I would resign my gown, my office, my ministerial duty, once and for ever, if I had only to preach of Sinai. Oh! no; the embassy is an embassy of love; the ministerial duty is one of tender compassion. We are to show you, indeed, how lost you are; but then we are to point you to Calvary, and we are to bring you to the cross, as far as we can. Why, who that has a heart of feeling

and any liveliness of sensibility, would preach Sinai alone, or thunder out the denunciations of Divine and forthcoming justice to the sinful, had he not Christ in view? I know I would not. But this will melt you; this will bring you back; this will restore you, wanderer and backslider, when I tell you what a loving Saviour is Christ. Why, methinks, however obdurate and perverse the sinner may have been, and however long and sadly the backslider may have wandered, the three verses of my text are enough to break his heart. What! when I preach to you how the Saviour took infants up in His arms, and blessed them, and these tokens of His care are equally treasured up for the most guilty, can you hold out any longer? Can you continue in sin any longer, with the cross in view, and Calvary in view? Oh! no. This must melt you. And "there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." Angels are waiting and hovering here, to hear that sigh—to watch the movement of that heart—to see the hallowed impression of the announcement of the Saviour's love upon that spirit; and if the purpose be awakened in the breast—'I will be the Lord's,' 'I will come to Christ,'—then the anthems of the heavenly world shall respond to these emotions below, and angel bands shall wing their way through the sky, and carry back these tidings of joy. "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

Oh! methinks I ought to pause here; methinks I ought to proceed no further than this first part of

my subject—the tender sympathy and love of Jesus Christ. It "passeth knowledge," brethren. You have read of it, and, it may be, you have wept when you have read of it; your children have read of it, in the lessons they have learned and repeated in your homes; but you will never understand it, till you reach glory—till you see from what a depth of misery and woe you have been rescued, and how Christ hath taken care of you all your days. You must believe His Word, you must pray for His Spirit, you must study His character, you must rest upon His promise, you must expect His blessing.

Secondly, *His readiness to receive and bless all who come to Him, or who are brought to Him.* This also is distinctly taught. The former was the abstract statement of Christ's infinite love; this is its manifestation. Mark the freeness and fulness of His invitations. I could readily recite them to you, if I had time. Think how He invited sinners to himself; think how He spoke of "publicans and harlots;" and how He unfolded the riches of His grace to the chief of sinners. Think of those words —they come to my mind at the moment, and this passage is an epitome of all; just turn to the eleventh of Matthew, and there you have it in one sentence. Jesus said, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Such are we; I am weary and heavy laden, not merely through bodily infirmities, but as a lost, helpless sinner; then I must come to Christ; He invites me. I may say to you, as the multitude did to the blind man, Bartimeus, when he was crying

out, "Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me;" for it was *now or never* with him. The multitude said to him, "Be of good comfort, rise, He calleth thee." So Christ calls *you*, beloved. He calls you in these words, just as truly and as much, now that He is in heaven, as if you had heard Him come up to you and speak them upon earth. Treasure up that passage, then,—it has been a sheet anchor to many distressed souls: "I will give you rest." Not reproach you, not upbraid you; but "ye shall find rest unto your souls." There are sweet assurances of pardon and life eternal, in the heart-cheering records which set forth the wonders of His grace—what He hath done for others. Oh! how readily could the preacher recite to you the wonders of His grace for others!—the scenes of sorrow and suffering and death, of which I have been witness, and how Christ has pardoned the sinner, and purified the polluted soul, and raised the heart to heaven. And what He has done for others, He will do for me. Why not? He is the same; infinite in love and compassion. How have I seen the manifestation of His love to His children, cheering them in their onward and homeward progress!

Then *the solicitude we ought to cherish on behalf of children.* I must not dwell upon this.

But I said, *you will meet with impediments in coming to Christ.* You will meet with impediments from your own apathy; from resting in mere forms and ceremonies—which we are very wont to do. We may be afraid others should think us

righteous overmuch"—too religious; some of our neighbours and friends may say—"Oh! you are become too religious;" that is an impediment.

Fifthly, *the great encouragement to prayer, arising from the love of Christ;* and sixthly, *the dispositions we must cherish in order to be recipients of His blessing.* These I must leave; I have but a few minutes more.

How shall I apply this part of our Lord's history to this Institution? Very simply and very clearly. Did Christ receive infants, and take them up in His arms, and give His blessing to them? and ought not we to imitate His example? Yes. But have we any authority to pronounce a benediction upon children? We can alleviate human suffering; we can, so far as in us lies, and according to the measure of ability God has given us, endeavour to set forth the spirit and temper of our Lord and Master, at the special and appropriate season selected by the pious and benevolent women who conduct this important Charity. It is unnecessary to speak of their "work of faith and labour of love;" but they just visit individuals in the very critical season of necessity, to render them timely help; and this gives them opportunity, and fair and proper opportunity, to pour in instruction, and to offer guidance in the heavenly path.

This work commends itself to all, especially to females. And I really should from my heart pity any one in this congregation this morning, who according to his ability should refuse to aid such an

Institution as this. No one is expected to do more than is in his power, and there may be persons prevented by sheer poverty and absolute necessity; but remember the widow's mite. Oh! how has our Lord set us an example there, declaring that mite to be more in the sight of God than the abundant contributions of the wealthy!

There is much sacrifice and self-denial required, in carrying out the duties of this Institution. It is very easy for us to drop our mite on this occasion, or to subscribe yearly—which is a very good way of supporting an Institution; but look at the efforts of the females who visit the abodes of the poor, some of them in the worst parts of Westminster or of Chelsea, going into their miserable garrets. Oh! if I had time, I could give you instances that would excite your sympathy, and harrow up your feelings. One instance there was of a poor woman, who would absolutely have perished, but for the interference of this kind Charity; they obtained for her not only medical aid, (and the physician went to her immediately on my applying to him by letter, and repeated his visits,) but temporal relief from their funds also was communicated, and kind and Christian visits paid. Now all this requires sacrifice. Let us rejoice that such Societies are set on foot, and have been continued for so many years; and, according to the ability that God has given us, let us cheerfully and readily and willingly support them.

Many inferences of a minor nature I should have brought forward; but my time is gone, and

therefore I must close the discourse, commending the Institution to your devout affection and liberal support. And may God give His blessing to what has been said, and make it useful to you, a source of comfort to you, a source of peace and of joy to you.

What you now give to the support of this Charity, rest assured, not on the preacher's word (I would not have you take my word here), but on God's promise, shall, if given as unto the Lord, come back to you with His gracious blessing. It is His blessing that "makes rich." Of what use is property, if we have not His blessing? Why, as the prophet says, it is only got together to be "put into a bag with holes;" we lose it, or waste it, in a variety of ways. But "*the blessing of the Lord it maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it.*"

Extract from a Sermon on Psalm xxix. 4. "*The Voice of the Lord is powerful.*"

How awfully grand is the voice of God in the mighty storm! It was on an occasion of this solemn nature that the Psalmist uttered the words which introduced these reflections; and, certainly, such effects of Divine power are calculated to inspire in a serious mind an humble and adoring spirit. From this subject, also, we may gain additional evidence of the eternal power and Godhead of our blessed Saviour. Is the voice of Jehovah

powerful? So is the voice of Christ. It is expressly said by *one* of the Evangelists, that "*His Word was with power.*" The most direful disease and even death obeyed His voice. But need we external proofs to confirm the assertion of the Psalmist? Have we not the witness in ourselves, that the voice of the Lord is powerful, when dead in trespasses and sins, and afar off from God? yea, when enemies to Him by wicked works, did He not then speak to us by His Spirit, through His Word, convincing us of our sin and danger, and showing to us Jesus, as the only Hope and Refuge set before us?

Outline of Sermon on "The Early Christian Church;" Acts ii. 41—47.

I. Accessions to the Church—3,000 in one day.

II. Distinguishing features of the first Christians.

1. Steadfastness.
2. Attendance to ordinances.
3. Affection to each other.
4. Holy joy.
5. Thankfulness to God.
6. Impression on the multitude.

III. Ground of their steadfastness—"*continued in* the APOSTLES' doctrine." Ver. 42. What was it?

1. Men's lost estate.
2. Infinite love of God.

3. Great Work of Christ—Atonement.
4. Influence of the Holy Spirit.
5. Regeneration and Holy Life.
6. Final *blessedness* of believers.

Sketch of the Address at Norwood Cemetery, at the Funeral of his Sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Williams, Friday, July 21st, 1843.

Last mournful duty, expressive of affection. Such scenes fraught with deep interest and value; remind us, &c.

Lessons reluctant to learn, *oft* called away from study of. Taught us in various methods. Seasons —body—soul—friends—abode. None so impressive as this. Comes home!

"See my face no more." Paul—Christ—Apostles—"a little while," &c. Peter! After my decease! remember.

Heaven won or lost in this short life.

To saint, joyful and happy day. Depart, and be with Christ. Depart from ordinances, &c. Sabbaths.

Cares and pains, and fears, &c. No more pang of grief—no more anxiety.

To be with Christ.—Object of our faith and love, and adoration, without a vail, or any of the hindrances, &c. 1. More perfect knowledge of works and ways of God. 2. Free from clogs and impediments. 3. Doubts and fears removed. 4. Holiness perfected. 5. Unceasing praise.

6. Fellowship of saints and angels. 7. Waiting resurrection.

Application.—1. Awaken serious frame. 2. Secure eternal happiness. 3. Follow example of saints. 4. Affection to relations. 5. Meditate on their felicity. 6. Thankful spared so long. 7. Satisfaction to surviving children, to look back upon a course of obedience and duty. 8. *Meet them in heaven.*

No. 1.

Prayer for Meeting of Sunday-School Teachers.

Father of Mercies, and our God and Father in Christ Jesus, we approach Thy throne of grace in humility and penitence, and would *now*, and at all times, worship the Lord Almighty in spirit and in truth: we are unworthy, but we plead the merit and atonement of our Redeemer, for audience and acceptance. We especially implore (*ask—seek for*) wisdom and grace, rightly to conduct the important service in which we are engaged, from Sabbath to Sabbath, in teaching the young; and in endeavouring to guide, as humble instruments in Thine hand, their feet into the paths of peace and salvation. Impart to us a single eye to Thy glory—give to us purity of motive, an earnest desire to do good, and zeal and perseverance in the good work upon which we have entered. May we ever be sensible of our great charge, in taking the children under our care; and while we watch over them in

this department of Christian duty, may we *daily*, and especially on the Sabbath, *pray* for them, that God would bless and keep them from all evil; that so our poor and most unworthy services may be recompensed with pleasure here, and joy and rejoicing in the world to come. Hear us, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

Our Father, &c.

No. 2.

Prayer for Sunday-School Teachers' Meeting.

O Thou, who art the fountain of *light*, and the source of all spiritual *knowledge*, we draw near to Thee in humility and faith, to ask by fervent prayer Thy blessing on our feeble efforts to benefit the young, whom we have been privileged to have gathered around us. May we ever be sensible that of ourselves we can accomplish nothing good or useful to the souls of these poor children. O be Thou our strength, our wisdom, our guide. May we always mingle prayer with our employment as teachers, and cherish deep and habitual seriousness of mind, under an abiding impression of the value of the souls of the children committed to our care, and the glory of Jesus Christ, as resulting from their conversion and ingathering to His fold.

May a spirit of holy Christian fellowship and cordial co-operation exist among us; that one desire may pervade *(fill)* every heart, to be useful in

this great work. Let all strife and ambition be removed far from us; and while by Thy grace and mercy we are made useful to the young, may our own souls be increasingly prepared for that blessed world, where the approval of our adorable Redeemer shall most abundantly and graciously recompense this work and labour of love. *There* may we meet many from among these children, who by our humble means *(instrumentality)* have been led to Jesus, and saved by His atonement and grace from sin and eternal death. These blessings we ask in His name, and for His sake. Amen.

Our Father, &c.

No. 3.

Prayer for Teachers' Meeting.

O Lord, the God of the spirits of all flesh: all souls are Thine: Thou hast created the *rich* and the *poor:* they are alike dependant upon Thy care, and they are all exposed to Thy wrath through sin. Thou hast provided one Saviour, and one great atonement, for all who believe in Thy Son, our Lord Jesus Christ; and Thou hast been pleased to make it the *duty* and the privilege of those who themselves have been specially favoured in Thy providence, to bring these glad tidings of grace and mercy to the poor and uninstructed, and to endeavour, as humble instruments in Thy hand, to guide *their* feet also in the way of peace. We ask

Thy blessing on our schools, and Thy grace upon all the teachers, and upon Thy ministering servants who labour amongst us. May their efforts be greatly useful in leading many among all classes to inquire, "What shall I do to be saved?" May the teachers have the pleasure, from Sabbath to Sabbath, to witness the growing prosperity of the schools, and have grace given them to *persevere* in their important and arduous work. Pour out of Thy Holy Spirit upon teachers and children; and fulfil, O Lord, Thine own promise, that the young ones we would gather to the fold of Christ may be numbered among thy people here, and in life everlasting. We ask all for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

Our Father, &c.

A Birth-day Memento.

9, Palace-street, Pimlico.

I believe the return of your natal day is on the * * * I am desirous to show my respect and friendship, by addressing these lines to you on that interesting occasion: by the Divine blessing, they may elicit a train of reflection calculated to be permanently beneficial. God frequently employs means and instruments apparently weak for the accomplishment of important ends. I trust you will accept the offer of my apology for sending this letter, and I respectfully solicit you to regard it as intended to express my desire, however feeble, to serve you.

The subjoined extracts on this subject I have selected from two of our best writers. The hymn is from the pen of the Rev. Legh Richmond, M.A., late rector of Turvey, Beds.

"I often wonder at the ill-timed festivity and gaiety with which the return of a birth-day is usually observed. Multitudes who, with respect to the past, can find little to make them reflect with pleasure on their having been brought into the world, and with respect to the future tremble, in the midst of all their parade, at the serious apprehension of death, yet agree to drown both the past and the future in festivity. For my own part, I see sufficient reason to make my birth-day more especially a season of serious reflection; for what is the language of a birth-day? Has it not a warning voice, to remind us that another year of our time and opportunities is closed upon us, (time and talents for which we are accountable, and seasons which cannot be recalled,) and that death and eternity have advanced nearer to us, by the stride of another year!"

"Were it possible you could be informed of the history of all who were born into the world the same year or the same day with yourself, it would give you an affecting view of the mercies by which the Lord has distinguished you from thousands. Many of them are already in eternity. Could you visit those of them who are still living, you would find some crippled, deformed, blind, or deaf; some defective in their faculties, some languishing under incurable diseases, some struggling under poverty,

some grown old in sin! Perhaps you would hardly find one in the whole number so remarkably favoured as yourself."

"May I spend every year as my last, perfecting holiness in the fear of the Lord. Let me observe the conduct of Providence towards me, and double my diligence for the future in the path of duty. As noon is soon succeeded by night, so, with loins girt, and lamp burning, I should expect the evening of death, the coming of my great Master, rather astonished that the shadows are not sooner stretched out, than surprised, as being unprepared, that they should be stretched out so soon."

Most sincerely wishing you many happy returns of the day,

I remain, yours very faithfully,

R. H. S.

A BIRTH-DAY HYMN.

My years roll on in silent course,
Impell'd by a resistless force!
Awake, my soul! awake, and sing
How good thy God, how great thy King!

My years roll on; then let me know
The great design for which they flow;
And as the ship floats o'er the wave,
The vessel, Lord, in mercy save!

My years roll on; the tide of time
Bears me through many a changing clime;
I've summers, winters, heat and cold,
Winds, calms, and tempests, ten times told.

My years roll on ; but here's my hope,
And this my everlasting prop ;
Though seasons change, and I change too,
My God 's the same, for ever true.

My years roll on ; and as they roll,
O may they waft my ransomed soul,
Safe through life's ocean, to yon shore,
Where sins and sorrows grieve no more !

My years roll on ; and with them flows
That mercy which no limit knows ;
'Tis mercy's current makes me glide,
In hope of safety, down the tide.

My years roll on ; my soul, be still,
Guided by love thy course fulfil ;
And my life's anxious voyage past,
My refuge be with Christ at last.

A Letter on the Death of Friends.

" Only the actions of the just,
Smell sweet, and blossom from the dust."

" Why mourn we, left on earth alone ?
When bound within that mystic love,
The dead and living are brought nigh,
And knit together, all in one ;
A bond for mortal sense too high,
Now sable grief repress thy sigh."

9, Palace-street, Pimlico.

The * * day of * * * revives in your recollection the affecting event and scene of the bereavement you sustained on that day, in the loss of * * * * *

"Smitten friends are messengers of love;
For us they sicken, and for us they die."

Although time, with its partially healing influence, assuages our grief, and in some degree mitigates our sorrows, yet we cannot but deeply feel that we are left sad and weeping survivors, in a dark and wintry world! Still left to maintain that conflict, through which our departed friends, believing in Christ, have passed with safety — perhaps with triumph, and an abundant entrance has been administered to them into the everlasting kingdom of our LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST, 2 Peter i. 11. We are called to bear up under the pressure of varied personal and relative afflictions, feeling, as we ever must feel, by sympathy, the wants and woes of others, who are near and dear to us. We require Divine aid and consolation—many sources of support and comfort are open to us in the promises of God's Word, and in the Gospel of our adorable Redeemer; as well as in the bright and commanding examples of resignation revealed for our imitation in the Holy Scriptures.

The due remembrance of the wisdom, love, and sovereignty, which mark all the Divine procedure, should silence every murmur: "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" Gen. xviii. 25. "Shall we receive good at the hand of the Lord, and shall we not receive evil?" Job ii. 10. The most solemn event—the most painful bereavement—is intended in kindness, as to its issue; Heb. xii. 5—11. The fruits and result shall prove that these trying dispensations were required: we learn lessons in the

school of affliction we cannot learn elsewhere. Wait patiently for the time when all shall be made plain; for Jesus hath said, "Ye shall know hereafter." John xiii. 7. At the end, afflictions shall speak; "at even time it shall be light!" Hab. ii. 3; Zech. xiv. 7.

Moreover, should it not yield you comfort to know that your friend has been taken away from the evil to come; safe within the prepared Ark, ere the deluge causes desolation to all around? Had not God taken your beloved relative and friend to the rest and reward above, would they not have felt, and felt acutely, events which have transpired since their removal from earth to heaven? If they died in Christ "they shall be for ever with the Lord!" 1 Thess. iv. 17. If on earth, would not their tender spirits have still suffered—their eyes still have been as fountains of tears? But all this they have escaped!

"The languishing head is at rest,
Its thinking and aching are o'er;
The quiet, immovable breast
Is heaved by affliction no more;
The heart is no longer the seat
Of trouble and torturing pain—
It ceases to flutter and beat,
It never shall flutter again."

Then, my weeping friend, meditate upon the heaven into which all believers in Christ enter: "Eye hath not seen," &c. Isaiah lxiv. 4; 1 Cor. ii. 9. To be with Christ! I would meet and mitigate all your griefs with this balm—"Where I am, there shall my servants be." John xii. 26.

Finally, the death of your relative and friend, thus brought to your remembrance this day, should urge *you to prepare for death*, that you may be found in Christ. If you have fled for refuge to the hope set before you, thrice happy are you; the solemn hour to which you are looking forward, and of which the death of friends reminds you, shall free your pardoned and consecrated spirit from the frame-work of mortality, in which you now groan, being burdened, to be with Christ, which is far better than the happiest hour you ever spent on earth, even in the temple of His grace. What prospects, what enjoyments are before you! Have you not cause to say with David, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." Psalm xxiii. 4.

Grace, mercy, and peace be with you; and may the God of all comfort 'stablish and strengthen you, prays

Your affectionate friend, in our Lord Jesus Christ,

R. H. S.

LOSS OF FRIENDS BY DEATH

Ranelagh Hymns, 289.

My friends, alas! how soon removed,
And I, bereaved of those I loved,
  Am left to mourn their loss:
How mutable is all below!
How full of change, and grief, and woe!
  And sin, the heaviest cross.

O may I learn from man to cease,
Then shall I have an inward peace,
To keep my heart and mind:
Though death's rough blasts my comforts shake,
Though he my choicest friends shall take,
Yet peace in God I find.

Friendship divine my hope shall raise,
Exalt my mind, excite my praise,
Nor will it ever fail;
When I death's gloomy vale shall tread,
My Saviour all my steps shall lead,
And o'er my foes prevail.

With rapture then shall I unite
With those in whom I did delight,
While sojourning below;
What unknown joy, when I survey
Departed friends in realms of day,
And each distinctly know!

R. H. S.

REVIEW OF LIFE, URGING TO RENEWED EXERTION.

If on the PAST we take a hasty glance
Of life's mix'd scenes, as onward we advance,
How various feelings occupy the heart!
No *year* or *day* but lessons rich impart.
Hence are we called full often to review *
Each year, and thus to live our days anew.
Never to think our task of duty done,—
Renew'd with vigour till our crown is won.†

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* Isa. xliii. 18; Hag. i. 5; Psalm cxliii. 5.
† Rev. ii. 10; 2 Tim. iv. 8.

Yesterday's errors careful to amend,
And prayer, with faith and penitence, ascend;
Richly shall blessings needed then be given,
Rich in content, and in the hope of heav'n;
Oft with new gratitude each gift record,
With love to Christ the Saviour, and the Lord.

R. H. S.

LINES

Written after hearing a Sermon from the Rev. S. R. Hall, at Westminster, December 20, 1846, *from* 1 Cor. ix. 24, 25, "*So run that ye may obtain.*"

I feel I have this race to run!
Solemn the thought—have I begun?
If not before, I now begin;—
The matchless prize I fain would win.

My Christian course I must pursue;
Lord! I am weak, my strength renew;
Succour me daily, or I fall,—
With faith and hope on Thee I call.

A crown of glory is the prize,
Safely laid up in yonder skies;
Not for apostles only stored,
But kept for ALL who love the Lord! *

O, let me lay each weight aside;
Patiently run,—in Christ abide;
Nor from His guiding footsteps stray—
Christ is the Life, the Truth, the Way.

R. H. S.

Pimlico, December 21, 1846.

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* 2 Tim. iv. 8.

LINES

On the Family Genealogy of Richard Shepherd. 1640—1801.

Impressive view! while life I trace,
May it instruct my mind!
My fathers quickly ran their race,
And left their cares behind!

All their anxieties are o'er,
Their trouble and their joy:
The small concerns of life no more
Their busy thoughts employ.

But *yet they live*—amazing thought!
For ever fixed their fate!
The works of good or ill they wrought
Have follow'd to that state.

Now then, my soul, thy days improve,
Salvation seek to share;
Thy Saviour and thy neighbour love;
To MEET THY GOD PREPARE.

A SABBATH MORNING'S THOUGHT.

On each returning Sabbath day,
Lord! at Thy feet I weep and pray,
Thy presence humbly seek;
My wants are many—O, supply
My every need, and now draw nigh,
And peace and pardon speak!

Now, in Thy house, in mercy smile,
My spirit free from sin and guile,
Strengthen my fainting heart:
Unworthy of Thy smile or love,
Yet my desire Thou wilt approve,
Each needed grace impart.

Thus shall each Sabbath me prepare,
Still richer, promis'd gifts to share;
This sweetest day of seven!
A *type* and *earnest* of the rest,
Remaining still, for all the blest,*
The crown laid up in Heaven!

December 19, 1847.

SABBATH EVENING.

Serene and happy day of rest,
The sweetest of the seven!
TYPE of the glory of the blest,
And FORETASTE of my Heaven!

Thy flight I'd stay,—and linger still,
In the Divine abode;
The Temple where I learn the will,
And see the pow'r of GOD!

LORD OF THE SABBATH, hear my prayer,
Thy Spirit now impart;
Within thy House, O let me share
This promise on my heart.

Wisdom and strength may I attain,
While thus with Sabbaths blest;
Comfort and hope, until I gain
The day of endless rest!

That state of holiness, and peace,
The gift of Jesu's grace;
The Sabbath joys, that never cease,
Nor cease the Saviour's praise!

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* Heb. iv. 9.

ON PSALM CXIX. 165.

What blessings shall the soul attend,
Who loves Thy law, O Lord!
Thou wilt through life his ways befriend,
And every good afford.

His peace is great, and ever flows,
Like rivers through the mead;
In trouble he enjoys repose,
And help in every need.

Amidst the tempest and the strife
Which hover all around,
How calm and peaceful is his life—
His hope on God is found.

He stumbles not where others fall;
Takes no offence or grief;
His God is to him all in all—
His refuge and relief.

Lord, write thy law upon my heart,
This peace on me bestow,
Thou only canst this peace *impart*,
Let me Thy favour know.

August 6, 1840.

"WHEREFORE COMFORT ONE ANOTHER WITH THESE WORDS."—1 THESS. IV. 18.

Written in the Vestry of Ranelagh Chapel, April 12, 1846, *in Memory of Departed Friends, Worshippers with R. H. S. for thirty-three years, or part of that period.*

These words of comfort, how they cheer,
They brighten hope, and lessen fear:
Shine as the star of evening hour,
Shine brightest midst the tempest lour:

They tell how saints again shall meet,
How loving kindred then shall greet,
When the vast, ransom'd, happy throng
Shall join the hallelujah song.
Then Jesus shall be All in All,
Seraphs and saints before Him fall;
No sin or sorrow, fear or pain,
But love shall then for ever reign!

ON MY BIRTH-DAY, AUGUST 25, 1842.

"*Thou shalt remember all the way the Lord thy God hath led thee.*"

Remembrance shall touch a chord
Of gratitude to Thee, O Lord;
Through various paths Thou hast me led,
Reviewed with care, and daily fed.
'Tis Thou alone that dost protect;
To Thee my altar I erect.
My praises now ascend to heaven,
My years now finish *sixty-seven.*
My every day I fain would spend
In *duty* till my days shall end;
With praises mingle fervent prayer,
That all I love may blessings share;
Until at length we meet above,
Perfect through Christ, and filled with love.

MISSIONARY JUBILEE HYMN.

SEPTEMBER 22, 1844.

Mournful sight of thousands falling,
Far from God, in distant lands;
Hear we now the cry appalling
From these suffering "brother bands?"

"Come and help us, sunk in sorrow;
Send the words of love and peace:
Wait not till the coming morrow;
Still we call, nor can we cease!"

Does not Jesus' love, constraining,*
All our energies demand?
Christians! yet are gifts restraining!
Heeding not the Lord's commands!†
Mercy's streams for ever flowing
To ourselves in every good;
From her wasteless stores bestowing
Health, and life, and daily food.

Let our gratitude awakening,
Bring the *heart*, the *gift*, the *prayer*;
That the heathen lands partaking,
Shall become our watchful care.
Freely have we all received,‡
Gladly—freely let us give;
While the wants of souls are pleaded,
Hear our prayer, and let them live!

FROM THE REV. W. COUSIN, OF IRVINE,§ ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. R. H. S.

May 23rd, 1850.

My dear Miss Shepherd,

Another golden harp is sounding, another vacant throne is occupied, the many-mansioned home has been gladdened by the arrival of another heir of glory from the scene of the Redeemer's conflicts.

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* 2 Cor. v. 14. † Mark xvi. 15. ‡ Matt. x. 8.
§ The Rev. W. Cousin succeeded Mr. S. at Ranelagh.

The Redeemer himself sees of the travail of His soul and is satisfied—resting in His love. And who can tell of the sights and sounds that have burst on the emancipated spirit of him who was so lately in the midst of us? It was a happy family of which he was the head and centre upon earth; and never was man seen to more advantage than in his own family circle, among the loving and the loved; but it is a happier family, with Jesus as its head and centre, to which he has been recently introduced.

> "Oh! happy, happy country! where
> There enters not a sin;
> And death, with strife, the portals fair
> Shall never enter in."

Indeed, my dear friend, deeply as I feel for you and your venerable mother, in your present bereavement, I can scarcely assume the language of common sorrow or regret, in contemplating the departure to his heavenly rest of one who had borne his part so well through the burden and heat of the day; I can hardly grudge *him* the repose he has earned so well, however sad it is for those who remain behind, to think that they can see his face no more, nor hear his voice, always so cheerful, so wise, as we pursue our appointed pilgrimage. Many an eye will glisten in sympathy with yours as they recall his venerable form; many a heart will beat with a sadder tone at the remembrance of his name; many be telling their children that it is to him, as God's instrument, that they owe all the hopes that cheer them amid the ills of life, and comfort them in

the prospect of death. With everything to comfort you in your bereavement, it is impossible but that you will mourn, and you will not mourn alone. Abundant will be the sympathy you will meet on earth; but precious as is the sympathy of Christian friends, what is it all to the sympathy of Christ himself? For who can speak so tenderly as Jesus? who can bind up the heart's wounded affections with such a delicate hand? In our own sorrows it is sweet to think our most cherished comforter was *himself* a man of sorrows. When weeping over our own departed friends, it is sweet to remember that *Jesus wept.* And when He comes himself, He will not leave behind one of those whom we have committed to His care. He will bring them all along with Him. "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

Your very dear friend,
With most sincere esteem,
W. COUSIN.

FROM DR. MORISON.

17th May, 1850.

MY DEAR MISS S——,

Most deeply and tenderly do I sympathise with your dear mother and all your family circle in the removal of your honoured and inestimable father. So loving a husband, and so good a father, cannot pass away from you without a severe and distressing conflict. But your Father in Heaven will sustain you, and solace you in your time of need! Christ's hopes and consolations are most precious

when most required. . . . . I *loved* your dear father—understood his character—his worth—and should have rejoiced, though with a mourner's heart, to have followed his mortal remains to the grave, and to have testified to the excellence which I admired, and the friendship which had so long and so uninterruptedly existed . . . Love and sympathy to all.

Ever your attached friend,

JNO. MORISON.

FROM OLD HUMPHREY.

20th May, 1850.

MY DEAR MISS S——,

I really hardly know whether to weep with you or to rejoice, whether to condole with you or to congratulate you—I could do either, or all, with a full heart. And can it be that my dear, good, and much-honoured friend is now in glory? Shall I never again receive from his talented hand and warm heart a playful, a friendly, and a patriarchal epistle? "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!" Hardly can there be one who honoured your dear father more than I. I shall go, not a weeping, so far as sorrow is concerned, but as a rejoicing pilgrim to Norwood Cemetery, when I know where you "have laid him." I heartily thank God, who, of His infinite goodness and mercy, hath taken to himself my dear departed brother! His gloom is now changed into gladness, and his pains into pleasures. You all know where to go for consola-

tion and strength, even to the "*Rock! the Rock of Ages!*" in which your honoured father trusted. Grace, mercy and peace rest upon you all. Affectionately would I be remembered to all.

I remain, your sincere friend,

G. M.

The Sabbath after Mr. Shepherd died happened to be the anniversary of a day well-known in his history. Mr. Hill, an old friend of Mr. Shepherd's, at his death had invested a sum of money in the Funds, the interest of which should be devoted to the following purposes:—A guinea annually to the minister of the congregation, for preaching a sermon on Whitsunday, from the text, Acts ii. 39; the surplus to be equally divided among four poor old men and four poor old women of the congregation, with a gratuity to the clerk. For many years Mr. Shepherd had preached that sermon annually. After the congregation came into connexion with the Free Church of Scotland, it enjoyed for several years the ministrations of the Rev. W. Cousin, who had shortly before this been called to labour in Irvine, in Scotland. At the time of Mr. Shepherd's death, the congregation was without a settled minister, and the pulpit was temporarily supplied by the Rev. Thomas Alexander, M.A., then assistant to the Rev. Dr. Candlish, of Edinburgh. On the Sabbath in question, Mr. Alexander preached "The Hill Sermon," and thus closed his discourse, in reference to Mr. Shepherd's death:—

"He who so long preached this sermon hath now ceased from his labours; he hath ceased to preach otherwise than by his death; for, being dead, he yet speaketh. On this Sabbath-day he is preaching his last sermon. Ere another Sabbath comes round, the grave will hold his mortal remains, where they will rest in silence till the dawn of the resurrection morn. But to think—that the voice which so often sounded forth the message of peace and salvation within these walls is now hushed in the silence of death; that the eyes which so often looked lovingly around on these well-known objects, are now glassy and cold—the light of heaven shines upon *them* no more; and the feet, which so often stood on the spot where I now stand a living man, are now stiff and lifeless. The spirit which animated that clay—whither hath *it* gone? Long ere now it hath passed its final award. It hath seen the living God, face to face. It hath already become familiar with eternity, and hath ceased to mark the flow of onward time. And we have good and abundant reason for the assured hope that his spirit is in fellowship with the spirits of just men made perfect; for peacefully as a child dieth died he, in earnest confidence in the outpoured blood and perfect righteousness. He laid him down to die, in the sure and certain hope of a blessed resurrection. Like old Jacob, when he had made an end of commanding his sons, he gathered up his feet into the bed, and yielded up the ghost, and was gathered unto his people. After a long and earnest life, a life full of faith and love both to God and man, he gave up the ghost, and died in a good old age—an old man, and full of years—and speedily shall his dust be gathered up and laid down to mingle with the dust of his fathers. Be ye also ready."

Shortly afterwards, Mr. Alexander was called by the congregation to be their pastor, which call he accepted, and was settled on the 4th of August, 1850, being introduced to his people by the Rev. Dr. Candlish, of Edinburgh, on the Sabbath fol-

lowing. Mr. Alexander still continues his labours there with much acceptance.

In a paper written above four months before Mr. Shepherd's death, he gives directions as to the place (in Norwood Cemetery) where he wished to be buried, and requested the following to be on his grave-stone, after his name and date of his death:—

The Mortal Remains
OF
RICHARD HERNE SHEPHERD,
THIRTY YEARS MINISTER OF RANELAGH CHAPEL, CHELSEA;
AND
TWENTY-TWO YEARS SECRETARY
TO THE LONDON ANNUITY SOCIETY FOR WIDOWS.
HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE, 16TH MAY, 1850,
IN HIS 75TH YEAR.
"*O to grace how great a debtor.*"

The following inscription is on the tablet erected in Ranelagh Chapel:—

Sacred to the Memory
OF
THE REV. RICHARD HERNE SHEPHERD,
THE FAITHFUL AND BELOVED MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL
IN THIS PLACE FOR THIRTY YEARS;
WHO DIED MAY 16, 1850, AGED 75 YEARS.
"*Whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation:* JESUS CHRIST, *the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.*"—Heb. xiii. 7 and 8.

LONDON: J. UNWIN, PRINTER, BUCKLERSBURY.

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EDMONDS & REMNANTS
LONDON